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No. 451

ROSES AND DREAMS.

BY ELEN E. REXFORD.

The roses of summer are dying;
Round me the red leaves fall
Whenever the wind comes sighing
Over the garden wall.
A blood-red rain on the grasses,
A waft of faint perfume,
And the winds can chant their masses
O'er the summer roses' tomb.
When the day seems long and lonely,
And the sky is gray and cold,
And the wind's wail I hear only,
I feel so old, so old!
And I think that the hopes so tender,
The beautiful dreams so frail,
Drop like the roses' splendor
In the breath of the autumn gale.
Roses, oh, beautiful roses,
You are not more frail and fair
Than the dreams of the dying summer,
Or the hopes of June-time were.
Die with the last bright sunshine
Of a day that has been most sweet,
Oh, beautiful, beautiful roses,
And dreams so fair and fleet.
Die, but we shall not forget you
When the summer-time is done,
We shall feel the spell of dreaming
When the rose-time is begun.
A wind of tender fragrance
Shall blow from the years that passed,
And though roses and dreams are ended,
They will haunt us to the last.

A Wild Girl; OR, LOVE'S GLAMOUR.

A Romance of Brooklyn Heights.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "PRETTY AND PROUD," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

WILLFUL KITTY KANELL.

There's a little heroine, too,
Whom each chapter leaves more pale.

"THERE! glory! I wonder what papa will say to that! Ha, ha!" triumphantly.

Kitty Kanell stood sideways before the long pier glass in her dressing-room, and turning her fair little head looked with great satisfaction at the image she saw reflected there. That image was clothed in a dark-blue silk with a string of pearls about the dazzling white neck. Kitty had always had plenty of silk dresses—the novelty of this one was the long train which swept back on the carpet giving her an air of young ladyhood which she had long sighed for; and now, for the first time attained. Her father had given her money a week ago to buy herself a new dress for her sixteenth birthday; she had given orders to the dressmaker directly opposed to his wishes—since he had no idea of his wild young daughter coming out for a couple of years yet—and she stood before the mirror triumphant in guilty joy.

Kitty's eyes were almost as dark a blue as her dress, and looked out from under their long lashes as bright and innocent as two woodland springs from their fringing grasses. Her light-brown hair was alive with flickering gleams of gold on every curve of its wavy masses. She had a little rose, pouting mouth, pink cheeks and a petite figure.

"It's just too becoming for anything! It makes me look four inches taller, doesn't it, Eliza?"

"Sure an' it does! Ye's awful swate in it, Miss Kitty; but, what'll yer fayther say?"

"I can't help what he says! Papa is an old fogey! He will believe I am nothing but a baby till I'm thirty, if I allow him to have his own way. I've been dying to get into trains for the last year. And now, Eliza, listen to me. I'm going to that party to-night, if he hangs me for it to-morrow! I shall pretend to go to bed early—by nine o'clock—and I shall come to my room and papa will go to his; and he and Patrick will lock up the house; then you and I will slip down in our stocking-feet; you will open the basement door and lock it after us; we will put on our shoes in the area and then you will see me safe around the corner into the house of my dear friend, Lilia Bayard; then you can stay with her maid until I am ready to come home."

"I'll lose my place if Mr. Kanell hears of it, Miss Kitty. Sure, I was to kape an eye on you—that was my first dooty."

"And how can you 'kape an eye' on me, Eliza, unless you come along with me—for I'm going, if I have to go alone."

"Indeed, then, I c'dn't permit that."

"Then it's settled. I'm bound to go. Pray, where is the harm? The Bayards are as nice as the Kanells; their house is only a block away, and Lilia's mother has given her the party. It's mean and cruel for papa to keep me shut up the way he does! He would like me to lead the life of a hermit. One would think I had to be caged, like a lunatic! I'm going to have lots and lots of fun this winter! I'm going out every night. I'll throw my Greek grammar in Miss Parseley's face; I'll burn up every Mental Philosophy they bring in this house! The idea of a young lady, with half a million in her own right, being kept at Greek and things, as if she was going to become a musty-fusty professor! It's all Miss Parseley's doings—she puts it into papa's head, so as to keep her position here; but I know enough, Eliza, and too much already! I can sing like Nilsson, and I'm not going to drum on the piano three hours a day. When people want to hear me sing they must find somebody to play my accompaniments. I've made up my mind to have a gay time and I'm bound to have it! So! you are to obey me, Eliza—do all you can to help me—and if you're a good girl you'll get your wages doubled out of my pocket money, and lots of perquisites in the way of cast-off ribbons and dresses. It will pay you to stick to my interests. I'm not going to live like a pris-



"I do look scrum, that's a fact. Now, Eliza, unlock the door very softly and reconnoiter."

oner. We'll have jolly times, both of us. There! that's papa's latch-key in the door now. I wonder what he will say when I come down to dinner in this dress?"

Kitty, having come to an end of her speech for the want of breath, took another long look at herself in the mirror, while Eliza stood mute with admiration, secretly preferring to yield obedience to this wild little chit, to following out the grave directions which Mr. Kanell had not failed to give her when she took the place.

Kitty was one of those children who deserve to be whipped and sent to bed ten times a day regularly. Not that she was bad, or in any way wicked; but she certainly was the wildest little witch that ever a widowed father despaired of making a lady of. To a hasty judge, her naughty escapades often seemed to show a want of modesty; but Kitty's worst faults were vanity and irrepressible spirits, boiling and bubbling up in never-ending freaks of the wildest character.

At fifteen Kitty aspired to being considered a woman. Now that her sixteenth birthday had actually arrived, she was resolved that her longings for the gay life of a young lady should no longer be thwarted. Had she been blessed with a loving, sensible mother, her faults would soon have been overcome; but her mother had died years before.

Mr. Kanell was a stern, unbending, suspicious man, strong in his prejudices, with a dislike to society, and a disagreeable consciousness that his daughter would be a bright attraction to fortune-hunters when she grew up to be a young lady. That Kitty, at sixteen, was within ten years of that dangerous period, he would not admit. The few girlish escapades of hers which had come to his knowledge had caused him to lay down severe rules for her conduct in future, and had also induced him to give her companion and governess, Miss Parseley, such instructions as made her really a spy and duenna. Consequently, Kitty hated her; and was driven to the servants for friends and confidantes.

From this it may be seen that neither the parent nor the governess understood how to manage Miss Kitty.

Kitty went down to dinner at six, that winter evening, with her little head "summing over with curls," as brimful of mischief as ever a pretty head could be.

She looked so bewitchingly arch and lovely, as she whirled about before her father to show off her new dress, that, for a moment, he could not scold. When dinner was half over, however, he said, in that cold voice from which Kitty knew there was no appeal:

"Miss Parseley, you will oblige me by seeing that the seamstress alters my daughter's dress. I want the superfluous length removed, so that it will swing clear of the floor about two inches."

"Superfluous length, dear papa! what a long name for train!" laughed Kitty.

"I remonstrated with Miss Kanell," said the governess, in that calm, superior tone of hers

which always irritated Kitty, "about having her silk made in that manner; but she paid no regard to my advice."

"Never mind!" thought Kitty to herself. "The count is going to be at Lilia's to-night; Lilia told me so! He will see me in my new dress before they ruin it, spiteful old things! They say he is really a count—young, handsome, accomplished, intensely aristocratic and awfully rich! Lilia says he is very dark—all Italians are—and I adore dark men. Mrs. Bayard met him in Venice—attended one of his receptions—and knows all about him. He is no valet, or barber, or tenor singer in opera, like those adventurers we read about, but a genuine count belonging to one of the oldest families in Italy. Lilia raves about him! The party was made for him. Ah! my dear papa, chains cannot keep you, little Kitty home to-night! If you only knew!"

But Mr. Kanell did not know. He was invited, and had sent his "regrets," as he always did, and thought no more about it. After dinner he went into the stuffy elegant parlor, where he read the evening news until Kitty had sung him three or four songs, according to custom, when he shortly after remarked to her, as if she had been an infant of five years—"This nine o'clock—time for children to be in bed," and she kissed him formally and ran up-stairs to her room.

"Is it done?" she asked, breathlessly, as she burst into the handsome chamber, where Eliza sat sewing on some fleecy tissue white and light as startled snow.

"Not quite, Miss Kanell."

"I'll lock the door for fear Miss Parseley peeps. There she is now! Oh, yes, Miss Parseley, I'm going directly! Excuse my opening the door. I'm—I'm—partially undressed"—kicking off a slipper. "Good-night and sweet dreams! Hum! now we have things all to ourselves. Let me look at it—Oh, how awfully lovely it will be!"

"Do you know, Eliza, there's going to be a real count where I am going to-night! Of course he is accustomed to seeing elegant toilets. Now, I've got my dear mother's jewel-case here—I got it out of papa's safe yesterday, when his back was turned a moment, the door being open—and I'm going to wear all the diamonds there are in it. Oh, Eliza, they are perfectly scrum! You never saw the like! Look! this is the necklace—and these are the bracelets—and this is an aigrette for the hair! They are all mine; mamma willed them to me, along with all her money, and she had oceans of it; so, if I choose to wear them, it's all right, isn't it?"

Eliza, dazzled by the diamonds, and by the flashing eyes of her young mistress, did not suggest the danger of going out on the street on foot with so much jewelry; nor did she know enough about the proprieties to warn Miss Kanell against appearing in diamonds at sixteen.

In a few moments the illusion overtook her and she completed and donned. Then Kitty clasped the necklace about her fair neck—discarding the

Roman pearls she had worn; the bracelets on her white, dimpled wrists; Eliza fastened the splendid ornament in her gold hair, and pinning on her breast, some pink rose-buds from a bunch on her table, Kitty Kanell's toilet was satisfactorily completed.

"Oh, miss, you are too beautiful!" ejaculated the maid.

"I do look scrum, that's a fact. Now, Eliza, unlock the door very softly and reconnoiter."

In about three minutes the girl reported:

"A light in Miss Parseley's room, but your father's room is all dark under the door, and the house is shut an' Patrick goes to the attic."

"I'll lock my door; then, if old fox comes she'll think I'm asleep. Now, 'Come on, Macduff!'"

Miss Kanell went noiselessly down the velvet-clad stairs, through the hall, down to the basement, and out into the chilly area.

"The City Hall clock strikes ten. We're in very good time, Eliza. Oh, what a lovely lark we have! I only hope papa will never find it out."

The house from which the two crept forth was one of the finest on a certain fine street on Brooklyn Heights. A chilly wind came whistling from over the bay; the stars glittered high up in the frosty sky; Kitty clung to her maid's stout arm, and they scudded along, turned a corner, and soon rung the bell of a brilliantly-lighted residence.

Ten minutes later Kitty, divested of her wraps, entered the crowded drawing-room alone. Any temporary embarrassment she may have felt was soon relieved, for Lilia came quickly to her.

"So! you got away! I'm so glad. How lovely you look! Where in the world did all those diamonds come from?"

"My own, of course. Is the count here?"

"Yes. Look over to the left of the piano. That slender, dark, dignified gentleman, I'll manage to introduce you in a few moments. He's perfectly splendid!"

Very shortly after that, Kitty Kanell, blushing, glowing, blue eyes glittering with excitement, looking indescribably lovely, was presented to HER PART, and cast one glance half shy, half bold, into a pair of black, brilliant, inscrutable eyes which kindled with an expression of unmistakable interest at sight of her.

CHAPTER II. SURREPTITIOUS BLISS.

Oh, where's the heart so wise
Could, unawakened, meet those matchless eyes?
Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,
Like those of angels just before they fall.
—Tom Moore.

FLORIAN FENN was tired of life.

His engagement with Miss Bayard was off.

He and Lilia had quarreled.

This was a pity, since they seemed suited to each other, both families had agreed to the match and society had congratulated. Nobody

knew for certain what they had quarreled about, but it was suspected to be the count.

Miss Bayard had met him in Newport, where she was visiting a friend through the month of September; he was on intimate visiting terms with the family, and she had become very friendly with him.

The Count Cicarini had been a wonderful favorite that summer, welcome at the most exclusive villas and cottages, petted by ladies married and unmarried. He was an elegant fellow, speaking deliciously bad English and perfect French, who led the German as if to the manner born, and preserved, through all the gayeties of the fashionable season, an air of reserve, almost of sadness, which was irresistibly interesting, adding a last charm to his dark, romantic beauty. Lilia certainly did admire him warmly; but that Florian was justified in being so madly jealous, that was another matter. She resented his suspicions and broke off the engagement.

After that, she did, indeed, flirt outrageously with the count, who came to New York the same week that she returned to her friends in Brooklyn, and who found time to cross the ferry three or four times a week to visit at her house.

The whole autumn had flitted away, Florian had not made up his quarrel with her, and now it was December, and she had given a brilliant reception in the count's honor, without so much as sending an invitation to her lover.

This reception was the one to which Kitty Kanell had stolen away, escorted by her maid.

Kitty and Lilia were very great friends, though Kitty was nearly three years the younger of the two. Lilia had not felt at liberty to invite Kitty to her party, although she wished her to come, knowing that Mr. Kanell would refuse permission; but she would little creature scouted the proprieties, declaring that she was coming "if the heavens fell."

"You know, very well, Lilia, that I have not yet met your wonderful count, often as he visits you. Now, I shall be put off no longer. I shall be there!"

Perhaps Lilia, realizing the romance, the imprudence, the emotional nature of little Kitty had purposely avoided bringing the two together. If so, the mischief was done now.

Kitty Kanell, in her blue silk and fleecy illusion, her flashing jewels, her chivalrous beauty, was smiling up in the dark face of the young count, her eyes a dazzling blue, her cheeks flushed, about her pretty mouth a gay, daring, mischievous smile, her whole face and figure breathing of the arch, willful, half-sweet, half-defiant nature which made her what she was—different from every other girl that ever lived or breathed.

Cicarini's curiosity was aroused at the sight of such a mere child coming in alone, as she had done, so richly dressed and so piquantly lovely.

If Lilia had cared deeply for the handsome foreigner, she would have been as wretched as she had made poor Florian, for the count made no effort to conceal the impression made on his fancy or his curiosity by Miss Kanell.

Kitty had the bliss and triumph of two round dances with him. Ah! what a witching world this was! How glad she was she had come! What! be at home and asleep, when she could be here floating around and around to delicious music, amid lights and the perfumes of flowers, those dark eyes gazing gravely down into her own, that low voice speaking softly at her ear! No, no, no! Kitty could not sufficiently congratulate herself on having had the boldness to defy her father's wishes and steal away into this fairy scene. She danced like thistle-down, and the count enjoyed having her for a partner. He was making a study all the time, too, of her character.

It was easy for him, a man of the world, to see that Kitty had more enthusiasm than discretion, more spirit than prudence, more romantic notions than practical ideas. She was very, very charming, that was certain, and he almost told her so.

Somebody asked Kitty to sing. The dancing was suspended. Lilia played for her and she sang two songs, one from the opera of *Mignon*, and one a ballad.

If Cicarini had been surprised and interested before, he was doubly so now.

"Adalina Patti at sixteen never did better!" he muttered to himself. "She would make a dozen fortunes on the stage. But she is very rich, they tell me—very rich. She would have no motive for becoming the Queen of Opera. A mere child—a mere child! A marvelous child! She could not be better fitted to serve the purpose," but what purpose lurked in the stranger's thought, who can say?

Among the compliments showered upon her his were the most ardent and far the sweetest to Kitty's ear.

That whole brief, brilliant evening was to her what no other four hours of her life could ever be. The delight was new and perfect. Somehow—she could not explain to herself how—she was made to feel that she was beautiful and admired, while the triumph of being treated like a woman instead of a little girl, was, of itself, pure bliss.

The most commonplace things about her wore new and lovely colors, as if she looked at them through a prism. The count taking her out to supper, the ice Kitty ate was not like the ordinary mortal-made ices she had hitherto partaken of, but a confection of Paradise.

The moments of rapture given to us here are all the briefer from being intense. Kitty came out of her lovely dream with a shock when, half the guests already gone, she heard a silver-voiced clock strike one.

"Oh, I must go!" she whispered to Lilia, hurriedly. "I have to walk home, with only my maid for an escort."

"I am sorry, Kitty, but our coachman is ill in bed to-night. Shall I ask one of the gentlemen to see you safely home?"

"It is not necessary—only such a few steps, you know. Eliza is brave as a lion. Ah! I have had such a lovely time! I would not have missed it for the world! Poor papa! what would he say if he could see me! It is awfully jolly to be a young lady and have such a splendid time! Just think! sixteen to-day! So good of you to have your party on my birthday, Lilia!"

The count stood near, apparently absorbed in the study of an alabaster Psyche on a stand

yet hearing every word of silly little Kitty's rhapsody. A sudden sparkle came into his deep eyes, but his lids were down so that no one observed it. The next moment, and before Miss Kanell had gotten ready to leave the room, he held out his hand to his young hostess, saying:

"I have had a charming evening—most delightful, but I must now say good-night. I have the ferry to cross, and it will be late before I reach my hotel. Please make my adieux to your parents, Miss Bayard, and I will steal quietly away," and with a profound bow and a glittering smile to Miss Kanell, he turned and glided through the silken curtain.

"The rooms grow dark," cried Kitty, with a mock-tragic sigh. "I'm willing to go now, Lilla. Good-by, sweet love. I'll run over in the morning to talk it all over."

She made her way to the dressing-room where the faithful Eliza wrapped a warm cloak about her young mistress and conducted her down and out upon the street.

"I'm not a bit afraid, are you?" laughed Miss Kanell, glancing up and down the quiet, well-lighted street.

"Sure, we'll be home, miss, inside of two minutes," and so by walking rapidly, they were; with only one little adventure on the way, too slight to be thought of again, after the little shriek which Kitty gave had died away.

As they hurriedly turned the corner corner on to their own street, they came in collision with a man, also almost running, with such violence that Kitty fell. The pedestrian, without a word, quickly set her on her feet and went his way.

Kitty laughed over the ludicrous incident as soon as she was safe in the basement of her father's house, but when she had crept noiselessly back to her chamber, and Eliza had lighted the gas, and she stood looking at her own beautiful image, all in a flutter of joy and gratified vanity, she suddenly gave a cry of dismay.

"What is it, my dear mistress?"

"Oh, Eliza! my necklace! my diamond necklace!"

"It was gone!"

"It must have come off when you fell," said the girl, beginning to tremble. "You stay here; I will run back and look for it. It will be there. No one will see it in the night."

Kitty waited a long time before Eliza returned, very downcast and forced to acknowledge that she had not been able to find the missing ornament.

"Papa will kill me," sobbed Kitty. "It was worth, oh, ever so much money—and it used to be mamma's."

So her night of rapture ended in tears. Stolen sweets almost always leave a bitter taste.

CHAPTER III.

GET THREE TO A NUNNERY—GO!

If thou lovest me, darling,
In that is all said,
Why wilt thou life's roses,
The sweet test, are dead?
I call thee, I call thee!
When we have fled,
What matters the dearest
That breaks overhead?

THREE times within the week succeeding the party Kitty Kanell met Cicarini in Miss Bayard's drawing-room. The child was perfectly fascinated. She had no art or power to hide from those who saw her feelings, and Eliza made her own lids droop and cheeks flush and heart throb so quickly, so sweetly and wildly. Even Lilla saw what was going on, growing alarmed for the consequences to Kitty, since she was not at all assured that the count was a marrying man or that he returned Kitty's regard.

As for Kitty, she did not stop to question herself or him. All that she knew or cared was, to be in his company. She had a great trouble on her mind, but her happiness enabled her to put it aside, much of the time. She was miserable when she thought about the lost necklace, because she had not yet summoned the courage to tell her father. She could not confess to him without betraying that she had been at night in spite of his wishes and orders. Eliza would be blamed and dismissed, too; so the reckless child kept her lips shut, when, perhaps, by advertising his loss, Mr. Kanell might have recovered the diamonds.

The third time that Kitty met the count it so happened that, as she was singing a song for him in his own liquid Italian tongue, a servant called Miss Bayard from the room to go upstairs to her mother, who desired to consult her about some shopping to be done that morning.

Instantly, when they were alone together, the count—who had been turning the music for her—bent close to Kitty's velvet cheek and murmured in her ear:

"Darling, do you love me? Speak, quickly, before any one comes. You are the angel of my destiny!—never have I known what it was to be infatuated with a woman until your blue eyes smiled into mine. I love you—love you—want you to be my wife some day. Am I rash? Do my eyes deceive me, or are these blushes signs of assent?"

"You must take me to your father—must allow me to talk to him and tell him about myself, and beg from him the sweet privilege of your acquaintance, my lovely child, my star, my little rosebud! Look in my eyes, sweet one! Do you love me? One little whisper will make me happy. Ah, certainly, it was Fate which urged me to come to this beautiful country that I might here find the other half of my being, the charming child—woman who is to be my wife. Is it not so? Look up and whisper your answer, little rosebud."

Kitty's pure blue eyes, resplendent with rapture, shone up into his like two stars; her cheeks grew red as damask roses; there was no fear, no doubt, scarcely any timidity in her open all in her heart, that never had submitted to the rules which guide ordinary mortals.

"So you really, really love me, and you a count?"

A flickering smile appeared and disappeared in the black eyes.

"If I were an emperor I should not be good enough for you, my angel."

"And you love me—so soon?"

"I adore you, little rosebud!"

"So do I you," she said simply, looking down. He caught up one of her satin hands, white as the ivory keys it rested on, and pressed it to his lips.

"When may I call on your father?—this evening?"

"Yes. I hope papa will like you," she added, wistfully.

"Is he very hard to please?" asked the count, in a singular voice.

"I am only a little girl, you know, or papa thinks so. I don't believe he will be satisfied to have any one make love to me for the next five years. Oh, Count Cicarini, do coax him and make him like you, for I shall die if he is cross to you. How strange! One little week ago I did not know you were in existence—at least, I had not met you—and now, you are—a part of my very life!" she whispered, with startling earnestness; then blushing vividly, she added: "I am not like other girls. I know I am utterly wild and reckless. I do whatever comes into my head, and say what I think, and I will try to improve—I will, indeed."

"I prefer you, just as you are, sweet one," he said, gallantly, and then Lilla came back into the room, and wondered to behold Kitty, like one of those flowers that burst open all in an instant, looking so beautiful and glorified, that she was fain to stare at her in surprise.

Then a message came to brilliant Kitty that Eliza wanted her in the hall—Miss Parsely had sent for her to come home and finish her astronomy lesson immediately.

"Your lessons shall all be studied in the heaven of love after this," said Cicarini, in a low voice, as he accompanied her to the door. "I am coming to speak to Monsieur Kanell this evening."

It was a curious astronomy lesson which the governess heard that morning. She was obliged to give it up in despair and send Kitty in disgrace to her room; but the culprit did not appear at all distressed—she fairly sparkled.

Never were Kitty's eyes so dazzling, her cheeks so rosy, her indifference to a scolding so provoking.

By dinner-time she was pale and distraught, however, and had so poor an appetite that her father noticed it, wondering to see the color leap into her face as soon as he spoke to her.

After dinner, in the parlor, she turned as white as a lily when the bell rung and a card was brought in by Patrick.

"Who the deuce is the Count Cicarini?" exclaimed Mr. Kanell, sneeringly, when he had glanced at the card. "I have not the honor of an acquaintance with any counts."

"Oh, papa, he is a friend of the Bayards—a real gentleman," Mr. Bayard met him in Italy. He asked permission to call upon you this evening—and I said—that he might. Do see him, papa!"

"Oh, certainly," said the father, turning away from his confused, trembling, guilty and yet happy daughter. "Ask him to come in, Patrick."

Then Kitty flew into the library as the grave, calm, self-possessed, elegant stranger bowed at the drawing room door.

"Two herons came rushing, buried her tingling face in the pillows of a lounge and lay there wishing her heart would stop beating so loudly in her ears—that she could hear what those two were saying—that she could know what the end would be."

"Oh, Eliza, Eliza," she panted, "would you believe it? Oh, this suspense is intolerable! Papa hates foreigners. Oh, please, please steal down to the keyhole of the door and come and tell me what papa said to him! Go this minute! I must know. This is awfully scrum—but, I wish it were over!"

Well, it was over soon enough. The following morning Lilla Bayard received a note from her friend, per a ragged little boy, which read:

"Dear Lilla, all is over. Papa is in a rage. Oh, he is so hard-hearted! He told my darling that she should never marry a foreigner—nor marry at all until I was many years older and wiser. He told me his money was never going to be spent on a penniless nobleman at the gambling tables of Monaco. Lily, I shall die. You know how rich the count is, and how gentlemanly—to have him insulted so. I tell you, we had a scene, papa and I. He knows about the lost necklace now, and I'm glad he does."

"Do you know what he is going to do with me? One would think that were the days of the Inquisition. He is going to send me to the Convent of the Sacred Heart—this very afternoon. Eliza is packing my trunk now—she is dismaying, poor girl, for sending me to go to your party. I tell her when I am married to Count Cicarini—which I am determined on—she shall live with us. The Sisters are to have orders to let me stay as long as I like. I don't want to do the more I won't do it! I'm not to write to you, nor to anybody. I'm not to receive letters. Ha—ha—let me tell you, it's terrible. But I mean to get some fun out of it. It will be perfectly splendid to circumvent them all."

How about that? You will hear from me soon again, I have to buy out a stock of carrier-pigeons. In two years I will be my own mistress and have a great deal of money of my own. However, I'm not going to wait two years. Do not be surprised if you see something in the papers some morning. I feel certain that I was bound to circumvent them. The wretched thing it is to have a heart—mine aches so. Tell him I am true as steel. Keep the other girls away from him, for mercy's sake! Your miserable Lilla."

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mind of it; but, emboldened by Mary's smiles, he has little fear but that he will yet be able to bridge it.

Favoring the programme thus traced out, there is, fortunately, no great strain on his resources by way of drawback; a frugal dame—thirty besides—who, instead of adding to the current expenses, renders emulsions them by the adroit handling of her needle. It would have been a distasteful in the hidden days.

Thus helped in his housekeeping, the young waterman is enabled to put away almost every shilling he earns by his ear, and this same summer all spent for that—there are other excursions upon which he requires the boat, and as ever generously, even lavishly, pays for it.

From one of these the young waterman has but returned; and, after carefully bestowing the Mary at her moorings, stepped inside the cottage. It is Saturday—within an hour of sundown—that same Saturday spoken of at the "Harvest Home." But though Jack is just home, he shows no sign of an intention to stay there; instead, behaves as if he intended going out again, though not in his boat.

And he does so intend, for a purpose unsuspected by his mother, to keep that appointment, made hurriedly, and in a half-whisper, amid the fracas of the fireworks.

The good dame had already set the table for tea, ready against the arrival of Jack and his wash, and soon as the boat was docked, done. It is now on the table, alongside the teapot; its savory odor mingling with the fragrance of the freshly "drawn" tea, fills the cottage kitchen with a perfume

on to the river, and there surely drowned, if not before.

It is no dread of any of these dangers which causes Mary Morgan to stand considering which route she will take. She has stepped that plank on nights dark as this, ever since it became detached from the fastenings, and is well acquainted with its ways. Were there naught else, she would go straight over it, and along the footpath, which passes the "big elm." But it is just because it passes the elm she has now paused and is pondering. Her errand calls for haste, and there she would meet a man sure to delay her. She intends meeting him for all that, and being delayed; but not till on her way back. Considering the darkness and obstructions on the footwalk she may go quicker by the road though roundabout. Returning she can take the path.

This thought in her mind, with, perhaps, remembrance of the old adage, "business before pleasure," decides her; and drawing closer her cloak, she sets off along the lane.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 446.)

THE SHEPHERD'S CONFESSION.

BY WILLIAM BRADSHAW.

"He whose cold heart love cannot move,
Who feels its thrill no more, is dead;
Who values life when love has fled,
What but a burden can he prove?"

When first, on yonder grassy slope,
Bewitching Mary met my view,
And, smiling, fixed some Highland buds
Upon my breast, what did I do?

Not all I should, but all I could,
And that was but to blush and shiver
And deem the flowers that she so sweet
If I could kiss the lovely giver!

I could but smile, while I saw
The darling dove bounding on,
Like some wee mountain fairy who
Is hardly come before she's gone.

Oh, rare, thought I, must be the joy
The youth shall feel who'll have the pleasure
Of calling that fair maid his bride,
And tolling for the comely treasure!

Next day I met my charming fair,
On old Ben Lomond's craggy rocks,
With linsey gown and crook in hand,
Attending to her father's flocks.

And, making bold, I made a bow,
And pointing to the blooming heather,
Requested her to let me hear
My pipes and her sweet voice, together.

She sung—oh, does she warble still,
For, still, I think her voice remains
In those amazed, enraptured ears,
So sweet and soothing were the strains!

And if, by chance, her azure eyes
Fell on my own, my heart would flutter
Like some poor wounded birdling's wing
That vainly sweeps the crimson gutter.

Thereafter, lovely Mary found
A singular delight in song,
For, day by day, she came to me,
Ah, yes, she came and waited long.

And light as dew that falls at eve
Upon the tender, verdant clover,
Second Mary's feet upon the sward,
While speeding to her mountain rover.

Her dear blue eyes would gaze in mine,
While asking were my vows sincere,
And as my answer reached her heart,
They sparkled through the joyful tear.

"Until the lamb shall dare the wolf,
Until the eagle fears the plover,
Until the lion dreads the calf,"
I said, "I'll be your faithful lover."

But jealousy succeeded, once,
In altering my look and tone,
Because I found, upon her breast,
The buds that faded on my own.

And, say, would you, devoted swains—
Would you, I ask you, not refuse 'em,
Although so innocent a place,
Upon your own "intended's" bosom?

Oh, hers was fair and pure, I know,
For angels, even, could not find
One sign of unangelic thought,
In modest Mary's saintly mind.

But where is lovely Mary now?
Oh, maybe, Cupid, you can tell us!
Has my fair shepherdess likewise
Become suspicious, cool and jealous?

Let me behold her graceful air,
Her wimple brown and silken lashes,
Her golden hair and azure eyes,
From which the light of Beauty flashes!

Alas! alas! my dearie lies
In rival Death's severe embrace,
And he has kissed her virgin lips,
And spoiled her loveliness of face!

Then, shall I check the crystal tear,
My faithful heart presents to Mary,
Nor let my love, in sighs, appear,
And, thus, to Nature act contrary?

Oh, no! I will not try to stem
The drops and make them flow; I flow;
And if no man gives way to them
Let mine be woman's sign of woe!

Whom Will She Marry?

BETH FOSS, The Parson's Daughter.

BY A PARSON'S DAUGHTER,
AUTHOR OF "PRETTY PURITAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

STRIKING A CLEW.

"Our toils, my friend, are crown'd with sure success."

"You here, Bethel, so early?"

"Yes, and I have been waiting a little before they would admit me. I could not let another day, nor hour, pass without making a request of you, Max."

"A request, my wild-rose? I have not much power to grant favors, now," sadly. "What is it?" and he marveled that Beth stood before him flushed, nervous, and with downcast eyes.

"But you can grant this! If you really wish to marry me, you can do it now!"

"Marry you, now! Bethel, what do you mean? Can you think, for one instant, that I would link any woman's name with mine until I am a free man, and positively cleared in the eyes of the world from any stain of crime?"

"But, Max, suppose that cannot be done! That cannot be done! What difference does it make to me? And, think, your trial is only two days away now! Oh, marry me, Max! Marry me! Do not let me testify against you!"

"Bethel, dear, is that why you wish me to marry you?"

Bethel looked her assent.

"It was good of you to think of this—"

"I did not think of it," explained Bethel. "It was Beata. And if she were here she would have her way! Oh, Max, I am not half as worthy your love and devotion as Beata Hallgarten. You ought to marry her."

"Marry Beata Hallgarten! Bethel, if ever the time comes when, as a free, cleared man, I can again ask you to be my wife, will you answer by different from what it once was? Have you ceased to love me, that you talk to me of marrying some one else?"

Max was scarcely thinking of Bethel's strange suggestion; but of whether a fear that had been growing upon him—a fear that Bethel was not guided by the deepest, truest needs of her heart, in consenting to become his wife—that she did not love him, and, perhaps, never would, as he had come to long some woman would—was a positive reality.

"Would my answer be different? Oh, no; if I married you, should I not, surely, in time, come to feel as I wish—utterly at rest and satisfied? speaking wistfully, and more as if com-

muning with herself than with him. Then, looking up with a sad smile: "And do I not belong to you? But, Max, your cousin loves you as I have imagined some women can love, but as I think few really do. She would lay down her life for yours; almost, I think, to give you a moment's happiness. And she is so unselfish, so grand, so good, and her life is so full of ambition, and purpose, and accomplishment, that it seems as if she was far more fitted to be the wife of a man like you than I am."

Max just very gratefully said: "If I wanted you?" and there was a cadence in his voice almost like the sound of a sob. It was hard to part with idol and ideal; but he was coming to feel that perhaps it would be wiser so; and when Bethel again turned to her present sorrow and brought her, he very kindly, but imperatively, closed their interview by assuring her that any such project must be entirely dismissed. That she must go upon the witness-stand and testify to the truth, without any thought of pity for him or condemnation for herself.

Never in his life had Jack Prentiss been so feverishly consumed with excitement as upon the morning following that conversation with Nita. He had slept none during the night, and long before sunrise was up and packing his dressing-room, utterly absorbed in earnest, intense thought. In two more days Max's trial would commence; in this time Mr. Prentiss must work up a strange case, in one last attempt to accomplish his friend's salvation. He recalled and reviewed every item of evidence which a careful examination had elicited from his wife, and arranged his plans for further investigation; and by the time Nita awoke he had prepared for the prosecution of a search based upon suspicions that if proved true would place in his hands the proofs of what would startle all the world.

But the day found Mrs. Prentiss so weary and languid as to vividly recall to her husband her plea, and his promise, of the previous night. Since it was his young wife's desire to see and know Miss Donaldson, he saw that it would be folly long to delay his confession and request to Eva.

Just now she was well-nigh overwhelmed by Max's trouble; but, perhaps, Jack thought, and he believed he understood the sweet womanliness of her nature, his acknowledgment of his marriage and his demand upon her sympathy in behalf of his frail bride would be a beneficial interruption to her present sorrow and suspense. He knew that the interview would cost him severe mental suffering, but he would not shrink from the fulfillment of his promise; and he resolved to call upon Miss Donaldson before he attended to those other duties to which he looked forward with such eagerness of suspicion and suspense.

He was just in time to meet Eva coming down the steps to a carriage.

"Good-morning, Miss Donaldson," he said, lifting his hat, and escorting her across the walk.

"Ah, Mr. Prentiss! I am just going to uncle Tremaine's office. Will you not ride down-town with me? There is no news?"

"None as yet," replied Jack, accepting a seat at her side and closing the carriage door.

I came to see you, this morning, to make a confession on my own behalf, and appeal to your womanly sympathy in behalf of a little lady who is very anxious to know you," and concisely, gravely, simply, Mr. Prentiss revealed to the w man he loved the barrier that separated him in lives. And yet, when he had finished, with only the briefest explanation, with no mention of the facts that had moved him to make Nita his wife, without one visible betrayal of his own love, he felt that at last he and Eva Donaldson understood each other.

"I shall take pleasure in visiting Mrs. Prentiss, Jack. Do you think she would mind if I see her alone, first?"

"I am sure it would be better so."

"And she knows my name? She will be expecting me?"

"I have told her your name, yes; and she will be glad to receive you whenever you call."

They alighted from the carriage, meeting Miss Foss, who had but shortly come from her interview with Mr. Duncan.

"Miss Bethel, you are just the person I want to see," Jack announced, as the young lady shook hands with him. "I have some important questions to ask of you. Will you allow me a seat in your carriage and a few minutes' conversation?"

Certainly; but which way shall I drive?"

"With your permission I will give the coachman an order," and Mr. Prentiss mentioned to the man an address, entered the carriage, and he and Bethel were driven away.

"Miss Bethel, if my queries seem to you strange ones, I hope you will bear in mind that they tend toward throwing some light upon the case of the man whom we both desire to save, and that you will aid me all in your power."

"You may be sure I will," said Bethel, decisively, but wonderingly.

"Then I will proceed to put you upon the witness-stand, and you must tell me the truth, as you own mother, and what concerning her early history? Tell me all, please."

Miss Foss related, minutely, the story she had heard from her dying step-mother.

"But when Mr. Foss learned that his wife's death was a deception, and that she still lived, he was perfectly convinced of the truth of the case?"

"I suppose he must have been; if you remember, I was in New York sick at the time that he was made acquainted with those facts."

"Time, and you do not know whether he met Madame De Witt?"

"Yes, I asked mamma. He did not. I was supposed to be married, and to have gone away, and there was no other reason for their meeting, and it could only have been a trial to each."

"Miss Bethel, you know of any person who has been acquainted with Madame De Witt previous to this year past?"

Miss Foss shook her head, slowly. Then, suddenly correcting herself:

"Yes, two of her servants. Did you refer to that?"

Without answering her question, Jack asked: "What kind of persons are they?"

"Annette, my maid, is a Swiss-French girl. A gentle, sensitive little thing enough. Her husband, Pierre Lafevre, is French, and a heartless, unprincipled man. At least, I think so. He is often familiar and impudent and yet in such a wily manner that you cannot reprimand him; and he does things that I would have dismissed him for long ago; but mamma always excuses him—he is her confidential servant, and was grandpapa's."

"Is there any way of finding out whether he had admittance to the garden the night of the ball, and was there at or about the time of the murder?"

"He was there between the time that I left home and sunrise," said Bethel, with very white face.

"What proof have you?" quickly.

Miss Foss mentioned the notes she had given to Lafevre the morning she had left home, his declaration that he had forgotten to deliver them, and had burnt them, and the account with which they had immediately afterward been returned to her by Annette.

"And you failed to mention this fact to any one?"

"I thought at first of doing so, but afterward it seemed to me too trivial. It is Pierre's instinct to lie, and he certainly had no interest in either the murdered man or Max."

Mr. Prentiss was not, as yet, in the least certain that he was following a clew that would develop the mystery of who had had such deadly interest in Rial and Mr. Duncan, and did not think it best to mention his suspicions until he was able to put them into real tangible shape.

"And the papers were only your two notes?" he said, continuing his examination.

"And a card upon which was written Stanley Raymond, No. 10, street."

"Miss Bethel, I believe I have at last the key to this puzzling affair! I am like a person who has been blind. I cannot yet distinguish ob-

jects, but I begin to see light! This Raymond is the person we are seeking."

The carriage stopped in a west-side, comparatively down-town street, in a quarter where there seemed to be a struggle between open vagabondism and attempts to maintain shabby gentility. After making a few inquiries of the coachman, and in one or two houses, Mr. Prentiss returned to Bethel whom he had left in the coupe in a strange whirl of excitement; though she envied her companion and was outwardly calm.

"Miss Foss, this is a gambling-place—private and on a small scale—and it will be nearly empty and quiet at this hour. I should like it if you will come in with me."

He led her up the steps of the house, and they were admitted to the courteous servant and shown to a tiny, quiet, shabby reception-room. Presently the servant returned, followed by a man loosely swinging a morning paper; a man once evidently handsome, but faded, dissipated-looking, and reduced to patent vagabondish Bohemian wear by Stanley Raymond.

It was a strange interview that Jack Prentiss held with his father-in-law, this easy, good-natured, dissipated gambler, that ended with an appointment to be kept in Messrs. Tremaine and Merritt's offices later in the day.

"Now," said the young lawyer, when he placed Miss Foss in her carriage and gave the coachman orders to drive home, "you must keep cool and brave, Miss Bethel, in the midst of all this excitement. Remember that much depends upon your betraying nothing."

"I think you may trust me," replied Bethel, firmly.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE VAIL STRIPPED AWAY.

"It often falls in course of common life
That right long time is overborne of wrong."

It was with strange emotions that Bethel Foss went up the steps of her mother's elegant Fifth Avenue mansion that morning. While there was some hope in her heart for Max, she was filled with anguish, sickening dismay at the horrors threatening once more to render her homeless. Her soul revolted daily against the notoriety that the murder of Rial had given her, and now she must be again associated with mystery and crime. The future was rolled in weird, curtaining vapors. The present was full of awful sorrows and reverses, and amid such thickening degradation and danger she stood alone, watching to see pulled down about her the fairy fabric of luxury and fashion wherein she had entered with such dazzling expectations so brief a season ago.

She went straight to her boudoir and rung for her maid. The girl came into her presence with weary, dragging footsteps, but shining eyes and a fever-spot burning in each hollow cheek.

"Annette, I have an errand to do just after luncheon, and as Madame will have the carriage I shall want you to attend me. I hope the air will do you good. It grieves me that you do not get better. Is there anything upon your mind, Annette, that makes you so wretched?"

Miss Foss's tone was perfectly gentle and quiet, but the girl was moved by it to a storm of tears.

"Ah, mademoiselle, is it not enough that Pierre does not love me?"

"And why does he not? What has changed him since your marriage?"

"Madame," said the girl, fiercely. "Pierre cares only for her and hates me! He wishes I was out of the way!"

"Annette! You forget that Pierre is only Madame's servant."

"Ah, he is more than her servant! He will do anything for her! He knows all her secrets, and he loves her!"

Bethel regarded the girl in speechless amazement; and Annette suddenly realizing what she had said, and frightened at her own temerity, cried in terror:

"Miss Bethel, mademoiselle! forgive me! I don't know what I am saying! It is the pain here!"—laying her hand upon her heart.

"I begin to think you do know what you are saying," replied her mistress, gravely, but not unkindly. "But tell me, Annette, how are you sure of this? How do you know that Pierre cares as much as you think for his mistress?"

Annette's eyes gathered quick, wild dismay, and a tide of scarlet swept over her face.

"I have heard him talk to Madame," she replied, guardedly, and with evident effort to conceal her fears.

Bethel asked no further questions; but she remembered, vividly, the night she had found her maid unconscious, in the attitude of a listener, at the doors of the library, when she herself had been surprised at the interview taking place between them.

"He will do anything for her! He knows all her secrets, and he loves her!" she repeated to herself; fragments of that other interview, too, recurring to her—"Is Madame satisfied?—Will she accept my conditions?" "Satisfied that I shall have my reward, yes?" "Madame will accept my offer—reward me as I desire?" and "I will do anything! anything! before I will sacrifice all that I have gained! Go your way—only let it be sure or all is lost!"

And she went down to luncheon, weak, and almost trembling, with the weight of her own excitement, but seeking for perfect control of countenance and manner.

She found Mr. Vanderpool sitting opposite her mother at the exquisitely laid table—almost an art-study with its crystal, and silver, and rare china, and rose lined, and ornamented delicacies—and Madame, radiant and queenly, in her house robe of creamy brocade and tender violet silk, fascinating the guest to whose well-known name and princely fortune she intended so soon to unite her own; for daily, now, she was expecting the termination of her long and painful divorce suit being argued for her by her lawyers. While the trio sat still over the dainty meal, Bethel, pale, dignified, quiet; Cecile, more than usually brilliantly talkative; and the elderly broker and adorer exerting himself to please and flatter his enchantress, a note was brought Madame—a note from her lawyers, asking for an immediate interview at their office.

Already, then, her freedom was in her own hands. She smiled, triumphantly, as she crushed the note into her pocket, and almost denied her lover, in his eager desire to gain possession of her, by her irresistible, coquettish grace when, an hour later, she bade him adieu at her carriage door and was driven toward Mr. Tremaine's office.

A clerk handed across the pavement to meet her, and escort her up the stairway, and along the hall to the firm's private rooms. But, Madame was accustomed to such attentions; and there was supreme self-content as well as a trifle of pleased expectancy upon her lovely face as she stepped gracefully through the door the young man held open, trailing after her her superb carriage-dress of black silk and lace that so well set off her peculiar beauty. And then—

She had expected to meet only her courteous friend and counselor; instead, many expectant faces were turned toward her as she entered, such faces—Pedro Andral's and his wife's; Jacqueline De Veau's gleaming from the craps she had assumed for the man she so vainly loved; Bethel's; Annette's; Mr. Prentiss's; a fair, girlish creature's, by his side; and a pale, shabby man's with accusing, haunting eyes, stopped the beating of her heart for an instant, and caused the flush of excitement to recede from her creamy cheeks, and the blood to recede from her scarlet lips. But, when Mr. Tremaine stepped forward to lead her to a seat, the act recalled her to her ordinary calm inscrutable indifference, and she took the proffered chair with head haughtily erect and eyes that scanned scornfully every countenance, save that of the stranger by Jack Prentiss's side.

After a minute of dread silence, Mr. Tremaine, looking around upon his audience, with important face, announced that he had a most remarkable case to state.

Briefly he related the history of Cecile De Witt's girl-life, not sparing the black-eyed for-

eigner who had been so cruelly connected with it; detailing it, minutely, down to the day when she took her destiny in her own hands and ended it by a lonely tragedy upon the Massachusetts seashore; showing how the Reverend Daniel Foss had been induced to send his wife to the little coast village through the representations of his aged landlady, Mrs. Bradley, who had living there a daughter, a fisherman's widow, of the name of Corwin; adducing as proof of the drooping of the fact that an article of clothing, identified as having been worn by Mrs. Foss, was afterward washed ashore, a circumstance to which there was a witness still living in the person of Mrs. Corwin's son; and reading a letter, which it was discovered, weeks later, that the girl-wife had left, with her wedding-ring, to be delivered to her husband, stating that she thanked him for his love but that she knew her marriage had been a mistake, and would only prove a fetter upon his life, in which she could have no real part, and that she had determined to put an end to her existence; and entreating that her little daughter might be given to the keeping of her father if he would accept the charge.

"Now," said Mr. Tremaine, "there occurs a strange coincidence in this history. There was in the Corwin family a young woman of very nearly Mrs. Foss's age, bearing the same Christian name, and a remarkable likeness to the clergyman's wife. This girl, adopted into the family when a babe, a waif found at sea, and named from some mark upon her clothes, though not at home while Mrs. Foss was boarding at her foster mother's, naturally heard a full account of that lady's history, death, and resemblance to herself. Cecile Corwin was of a restless, ambitious, heartless, unscrupulous nature. After once running away from her adopted friends, to try life in this great city, she again left them to marry a stranger, called Stanley Raymond—a playwright and actor. When a child was born to them, Mrs. Raymond sent it to her adopted sister, Jane Corwin, to be cared for, and commenced her career as an actress. Though not being successful she attracted the attention of a rich youth—a boy in years but a rone in life and experience. While spending a few days with her husband at a little watering-place, her admirer, Rial Andral, followed her. They held a clandestine meeting upon the end of a pier, at which Raymond surprised them, and in a moment of desperate anger, and alarm, they pushed the husband into the bay. Frightened at what they had done, and convinced by his not rising that he was drowned, they fled from the village, and arriving in New York took steamer to Europe. Here, after a time, Andral deserted Mrs. Raymond."

"But fortune favored the beautiful adventurer. She attracted the attention of an eccentric, morose, wealthy invalid, who took a fancy to her because of her baptismal name and her peculiar likeness to his dead daughter. She discovered who he was, interested him still more by revealing her own acquaintance with his daughter's history, and won upon his sympathies by representing herself as a widow, left alone in a foreign land. She became his nurse; by her devotion, adroitness and diplomacy, came to manage his affairs, and have herself known as his daughter; by which name he frequently called her. When this man—Colonel Robert De Witt—came to die, Cecile Raymond had such complete knowledge of his affairs as made her resolve upon playing a desperate game. Not content with accepting a goodly bequest at his hands, she determined to boldly claim his entire fortune, palm herself off as his daughter, and perfect her deception by adopting as hers Cecile Foss's child."

All things fate seemed to favor her. The only foreign connection of Colonel De Witt's who could have thwarted her plans, his valet, became her tool; her remarkable likeness to the dead Cecile deceived those who were called upon to identify her; a combination of fortuitous circumstances prevented any meeting with the man whose wife she pretended to be, and she gained the guardianship of Miss Bethel Foss. But, when this daughter's lover, Mr. Rial Andral, met the lady who called herself Bethel's mother, and Madame De Witt, he instantly recognized his former companion in crime. Neither, however, cared to have any exposure come about, and Cecile Raymond agreed to effect his union with Miss Foss and settle upon them, at their marriage, a splendid sum of money. But an event which these guilty persons had counted upon never took place. Stanley Raymond was not drowned. The tide carried him under the pier, where he was lodged in such a position that when he recovered consciousness, from the effect of a blow he had received, he easily escaped. And, in time, this man and Andral met. Mr. Raymond still retained too much kindly remembrance for the woman who had wronged him, the mother of his child, to prosecute her and her accomplice for intent to kill; but he agreed to help accomplish her downfall by establishing her identity. Mr. Andral, who designed marrying Robert De Witt's granddaughter, the real heiress to his immense fortune, was in return to settle upon Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, if the adventuress returned to her husband, a fine competency; and upon Mr. Raymond, alone, if she chose some other life when removed from her usurped position."

There was a pause. Every cheek was either pallid or painfully flushed, except Madame's; she was still cool, unmoved, as she had sat during all this revelation of crime and deception. Interrupting the terrible silence, Mr. Tremaine spoke again:

"Ladies and gentlemen, here is Cecile Raymond! This, her lawful husband! This, her only child!"

Another pause. Madame was still haughty, immovable, scornful, only refusing to look toward the girl who lay against Jack Prentiss's shoulder, or the man whom she had once called husband. Then, again, the speaker resumed:

"You will easily see to what desperate measures such a woman as Cecile Raymond would resort, how she would allow herself to be deprived of the wealth and position she had attained; and the history you have just heard shows how necessary it was that Rial Andral should be removed from her pathway; for, as I have reason to know, from proofs now in my possession, the testimony that I can adduce, her self master of her secrets and antecedents, had also kept espionage over Andral, and had discovered, and revealed to his mistress, the plot that Rial was perfecting for her downfall. Therefore—Cecile Raymond is now under arrest for the murder, or complicity in the murder, that took place at her residence;" and, as Mr. Tremaine spoke, an officer entered from the outer room.

At last Madame's calmness deserted her. She arose, and her hand trembled as she said:

"Before God, I swear I am innocent of committing that deed!"

"Then name the person who did," commanded the lawyer, sternly; and, as she hesitated—"your servant is already in the Tombs—it will be of advantage to hasten!"

"Pierre Lafevre!"

A low cry ran through the room, and the Swiss girl fell fainting to the floor.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 438.)

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Bonny Bells.
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Bright rays of early morning.
By the lone river side.
Come down by the silvery brook, love.
Come, merry birds, in winter.
Come up, comrades.
Conceal where the orange trees bloom!
Ella Leene.
Ellen Bayne.
Farewell, lily dear.
Farewell, sweet mother.
Fresh drinks.
Goodbye, Linda, love.
Hard times come again.
Happy be thy dreams, home and friends.
I had a dream.
I'm a pedagogue.
I'm the queen of the village.
I'm thinking of thee, Elsie.
I prize this little tree.
I see her still in my dreams.
Jennie with the light brown hair.
Jenny's coming o'er the green.
Jennie with her bonnie blue e'e.
Kinlock of Kinlock.
Kitty dear.
Little Jenny Dow.
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Nobody loves me.
Oh! If I had some one to love me.
Old Simon, the hot corn man.
Once upon a time.
O' Bonny, you're the stuff!
Paddy Malone.
Parted from our dear ones.
Scenes that are brightest.
She laughed behind her fan.
She wept her life away, silent evening.
The very midnight moon, some one to love.
The dream is past, the girls are not so green.
The glorious reformers, the light of other days, the little drooping flower.
The lone starry hours.
The long, long, weary day.
The meeting of the waters.
The sea, the sea, the open sea.
The wild rose.
The Zingari.
Think of me, love, in your dreams.
Tis but a little faded flower.
Twas only one short year ago.
Viva L'America.
We'll meet in heaven, father.
What fairylike music, Words to remember.

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Sunshine Papers.**Boquets.**

BOQUETS, and all kinds of wild flowers; the wild flowers that belong to the golden days of autumn; not the fragile, delicate offspring of April showers and May sunshine, but the glowing, royal-hued, spicy-scented blossoms that tangle the hedgerows and sprinkle the woodlands, and submerge the meadows through the months of September and October, with glory and fragrance. From rocky cliff and ferny dell, from swamp and forest, from pasture-land and roadside, from the despoiled bit of waste land at the foot of the garden, from the woods just back of the house, from about the very kitchen door, I garner my treasures and group them for my friends, and claim for them artistic merits. Fresh from the hands of Nature—the greatest of all artists—stained with her most brilliant dyes and fashioned by her peerless hands, who shall dare to turn from them, failing to find aught to praise of grace and beauty?

From the half-cleared woodland down by the old deserted pier, I bring you an "austere" thistle: right kingly in its garb of purple and proudly intrenched within its thorny calyx, circle it with the great yellow-ringed, brown-hearted, "patient" ox-eye, blossoming over in the meadow yonder. Plunge these in a low jar among handfuls of the dark, shiny, spiked ferns from along the rocky bits of roadside, and, for the table in your hall, or the space just in front of the parlor fireplace, you have a subject to delight a painter.

In fields, and lanes, and woods, and gardens, and door-yards, I gather you sprays of tiny Michaelmas daisies, the darling little flowerets that herald Queen Flora's "farewell" to summer. Crowd your glasses, and vases, and china jugs, full of the dainty white and pink and lavender blooms, with their lace-like fringes set round a drop of gold. Put feathery spikes of seeded grasses with them, and here and there a deep-hued purple aster, and a bunch of "gay" late-blooming buttercups, and the pure "innocent" face of the last field daisies, and one "splendid" velvety maroon plume of the sunnyside, in their midst bury a few sprigs of the spicy broom-mint and fling the soft banners of wavy ferns; over the sides of the vases spill the scarlet-leaved runners of the wood-strawberry and the aromatic tendrils of wild grape-vines. Set the fragrant graceful groups on mantles, in window-seats, before the pier-glass upon tables and brackets,

and the piano, and the beauties in parlor and hall, dining-room and kitchen, and every sleeping apartment. See to it that the Michaelmas daisies smile everywhere, for the blossoms and glory of the autumn will soon die under the chill kisses of dark, fierce winter.

Up from a search in the sweetest nooks of the meadows, I bring you some late clover-heads; great, honey-full pink ones symbolical of "industry," little nodding white ones for "remembrance," and a four-leaved one for "good luck;" here, too, are a few "childish" king-cups with their chalices of gold, one "rustic orchid"—a starry dandelion—half a dozen modest Marguerites, and the last faintly fragrant, pale-yellow primrose that will bloom this season next to a knot of blue ragged-robin. Crowd them into that ivory band—the toy will hold no others of their kind this year.

And now I climb rocky banks to tear down great clusters of golden and royally purple asters; search the fields for spikes of creamy snap-dragon; I jump from stone to stone in the brook, to seize the capricious, dainty, dangling orange lady-slippers; by the side of fences I break off splendid waving tufts of gold rod; for a dash of scarlet to put away this kindly coloring of purple and gold I match a bunch of vivid reddened autumn foliage; and another all in a white mist of wild-carrot and a greenery of ferns. Put the beauties where you will—this study for an artist, and they will laugh out through their white and green cloudery and fill the room with brightness.

Last of all, from the hedges, the forest, the rough hillside and the mossy hollow, I fill baskets and brackets for your walls with the brown shafts of the cat-tails, milk-weed pods that have burst into a mound of silver, thistles from which the thorny calyx, and the too ripe purple top have been torn away, leaving a snowy, spherical puff of down, sprays of dried golden-rod and snowy bunches of odorous balsam, soft brown heads of swamp-grass, the orange-capped, scarlet-centered bitter-sweet berries, the red pendants of the barberry, and the bronzed leaves of the whortleberry, heads of wheat and sprays of oats, and ferns and grasses, dried, and banners of blood-red leaves so full, so full, that the receptacles run over as I crowd in the wild ivy with its deep blue berries and five-fingered, brilliant leaves, the trailing Hartford fern, and garlands of snowy clematis.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

SOMEBODY ELSE.

Did you ever think how tired we sometimes become of ourselves—how we would like to run away from our very selves if we could? Now, if we often grow so weary of ourselves can we wonder that others tire of us?

But that is not what I intended to comment upon.

I think the reason we are so fond of "dabbling" in private theatricals, performing in charades, dialogues and tableaux, is because we want to be "somebody else" for a while, and thus sink our identity in the characters we assume for the time being—to see how we would act and do under certain circumstances. If persons could really and truly forget themselves in their mimic personations we might have better actors and actresses.

We are so egotistical and so very thoughtful of ourselves, that we can never get the great I out of our own minds.

How often have I been asked why authors have to hide themselves behind *noms de plume*. There may be several reasons—timidity, bashfulness, a desire to mystify readers and cause them to wonder who the writers really are; or, they may be ashamed of their productions to such an extent as to have no desire to append their real names to the same.

"Do you speak for yourself in that last remark, Eve?" Excuse me, that question is not before the meeting-house for discussion just now!

I think the real truth of the matter lies in their wishing to be "somebody else." They—while writing—assume the character of the *nom de plume* they take, and it prevents them from putting too much of themselves upon paper.

It is no news to tell you that authors are human beings, and they sometimes like to get away from themselves just as other people do. It is a relaxation to them, and these "noms" are but a harmless masquerade, anyway.

Do not the little folks want to grow up into men and women? Do they not mimic the manners of their elders? Do they not like to be dressed like "little men" and "little women"?

Charley is never more pleased than when he struts about with papa's hat and cane, while Gracie is "almost made" when she dons mother's bonnet and shawl. Even they want to be "somebody else."

And the middle-aged and old folks—do they not often wish themselves young again? To have their childhood back? To grow down again? They want to be "somebody else" just as they wanted to be "somebody else" when they were stepping into manhood and womanhood. As youngsters they played "make believe," as youths and maidens they did the same, and now in age they want to be not what they are but what they used to be!

Tom Lawless often has young men come to visit him, and how often have I seen him and his friends change hats with each other when they have gone away racing, fishing and hunting. I have often wondered if it was this strong desire for change which made them do so. Tom says: "A fellow feels like somebody else to have another fellow's hat on," and so, I presume, I am right in my inference.

Calphs were wont to "prowl" around Bagdad in disguise—was it not for the love of being for awhile "somebody else"?

Detectives are said to be infatuated with their profession, as it gives them a chance to sustain a varied round of characters and to be "somebody else."

Some of those who have held high positions in church and State have turned out to be the most ardent rogues in existence; their plume was assumed—twas but a cloak to hide their great and grievous sins; they were *acting a part*, and while they played the saint they were the vilest of sinners—the wolf in sheep's clothing. Yes, they were "somebody else."

The servants are the airs and graces of masters and mistresses while those very employers are aping those who are superior to them.

Life is one great masquerade, in which we disguise ourselves, our thoughts, actions and motives.

Sometimes, when the masks fall from the faces, what hideous sights meet our gaze! Many whom we have thought to be perfection sink to the level of the sin-stained criminal; they have deceived others with their other self; the mask has been kept on for years and years, but after it has fallen we can then realize how very—very true it is that, to be "somebody else," is the study of innumerable lives.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.**Home Decoration.**

HOME decoration is just now all the rage, and is occupying the attention of good wives who don't keep a girl and of course haven't anything on hand to do.

I think it is a glorious art, and feel like doing everything I can to encourage it. I say decorate your home. If you haven't a home to decorate then come and decorate mine. This is the only way to make home happy and keep your husband there. You see, that if you fix up everything in this late style it will take him some time to look and inspect the articles, and, of course, he can't leave if he is anywhere interested, as he ought to be. If you fix up everything right he will then have no time to think of going down-town, and in these times is the main idea of home decoration, according to my idea.

As to this beautiful art a few hints may possibly serve as insinuations. Take for instance the matter-of-fact book-jack, a little bead-work or embroidery in chenille, or cochineal, will make it a thing of life and a joy for ever, which you can set upon the center-table, and which will entice your husband as soon as he comes home to pull his boots off, when you can take them and hide them, and if he will go down-town again he will have to go in his stocking feet.

If you have any ingenious spiders about your house you can set them to work on the parlor windows, and in a few days you will have lace curtains not made with hands which will far surpass the most costly imported ones, and will cost you nothing at all. I frequently notice that this idea is understood in some homes, but it is not carried to the extent that it should be. This article also makes a very elaborate covering for picture-frames, and serves to fill up odd corners of the room where you can't reach it with a broom, unless you get up on a chair.

Plebeian in aspect as a dish-rag it can be made an object of attraction to hang upon the wall by a judicious display of silk fringe-work upon it and a bouquet of flowers carefully worked in the center of it. No one would ever suspect what it was, and even women themselves would be glad to handle it with more alacrity than they do at present.

Old furniture is highly prized by connoisseurs and is very eagerly sought after. A slight sprinkle of dust artistically distributed over the chairs, sofas and bureaus will lend an antique air to them which can be effected in no other way unless you tumble them down stairs every day, or go among them with a club.

The plain, unassuming ash-bucket is a simple thing and yet it can be made an object of interest by simply inlaying it with a lining of silk, worked with flowers, and coming the ceramic on it on the outside in fanciful designs. It will be able then to inhabit the parlor and no question asked.

There is the despised and disused mop—it is in your own kitchen and yet you would soon even to touch it! Beautifully wrought with beadwork and lace designs and the handle painted in rustic patterns, very few things can surpass it as an ornament for the drawing-room. It will require some work on it, but then that is better than working with it.

Take the commonest door-mat, make a fanciful pattern in the center of it of egg-shells—plain egg-shells—make a circle around that of small common vials, then a course of common torpedoes, then a row of empty spoons with an outside fringe of hollow glass beads, and who would want a more delicate ornament to lay on the inside of the parlor door?

An elegant watch-case to hang by your husband's bed can be made out of one of his old shoes simply by placing a common cheap hook in the heel to hang it up by—and judiciously sewing up the toe so that the watch will not fall through.

Pictures for the drawing-room are now in vogue. You can exert your skill in painting your husband drawing off his boots, throwing the contents of his pockets, and the far-offness of looking very sweetly. You can also draw your husband drawing his salary after a heavy day's work, and while he is thinking of the dry-goods draw; be careful of the expression of countenance. Have a picture of him drawing water with a two-horse power windlass for the wash and try to improve on Nature.

Your front windows, which are broken, can be beautifully ornamented in the classic style of art by inserting common straw hats with ribbons to suit the age, or pillows beautifully ornamented with embroidery in the medieval style of art. It lends a pleasing variety.

A very fine artistic effect can be produced on the bare walls by the use of stockings by simply embroidering them in the shape of birds or flowers or other fanciful designs. Patterns in lead work are also applicable.

One of the most beautiful ornaments to the household, which women somehow fail to notice, is a collar button sewed on so that it won't come off the next time a collar is buttoned on. It requires a little more patience than is usually exhibited, but it is very effective in its effect.

Towels, common every-day towels, can be so fringed, braided and embroidered that they may serve as tapestries in the parlor.

These common ugly grease-spot on the parlor carpet, extend the edges of it into the shape of a pleasing artistic border with a little more grease; throw in a few pretty shades with different colored greases, and lo, you have something delightful to look at at very small cost!

Broom-handles could be made pleasing to the eye by covering them with worked silk, stuffing the inside with wool or cotton to make them soft so that if they should fall down they will not make a noise and awake the husband.

The parlor tongs for beauty and convenience could be dressed up in pants, jacket and hat, somewhat in sailor fashion, and make quite an interesting ornament for the chimney corner these cold evenings.

Wherever the plaster is broken you can make a rustic frame and put it over the place with a glass and call it a picture of a hole in the wall by some great master. It will be so perfect that but few will be able to tell the difference.

Perhaps the best things for home decoration are smiles—a few of which scattered around here and there are better than tidies with impossible animals worked in red, or stands made out of flour barrels.

Thoughtfully,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

How many friendships begin in school, and end in the social circle of society, when one goes up and another goes down! How many friendships begin in college, and wax feebler and feebler as, in the great race and competition of life, one rises higher and higher, and the other sinks lower and lower! How much there is of friendship that is counterfeit and false!

Topics of the Time.

—In Hayti it now takes two thousand dollars of the paper decreed by the State to be money to buy a breakfast.

—An article going the rounds says: "Some of the best of Longfellow's earlier poems were sold to *Graham's Magazine* for small sums. Except the *Knickerbocker*, which did not pay much, and for which Longfellow did not write, there were then no other periodicals that paid for poetry." Mr. Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor"—we have his own authority for stating—first appeared in the *Knickerbocker*, showing that he did write for that old magazine.

—The Chinese Ambassador is described as a man of imposing appearance, between sixty and seventy, with a kindly and intelligent face. He is slight and tall and has very courteous manners. In the credentials which they brought from their emperor, he and his suite are mentioned as "just and honorable men." We make an egregious mistake in judging the Chinese race by the Celestials who haunt this country as washerwomen, cigar-peddlers and junkmen. In China this class are the very lowest of the people.

—It is centuries that the Russian Church has been striving to convert from Mahometanism the Tartars in Europe, but with a total result of loss rather than of gain. In spite of this the Czar has resolved to throw open Central Asia to missionary enterprise, and *The London Globe* says arrangements are being made for the establishment of a regular crusade in every part of Turkestan. Hereafter the governing-general has strenuously opposed missionary work in these provinces, but now that they are to be the property of the Mongols it is to be changed into the Greek. Can the leopard change his spots?

—Obliquit, a Naples banker, proposes to build a railway from the foot of Vesuvius to the crater. A double line, supported on pillars, and 919 yards long, will carry the trains, each consisting of four carriages holding four passengers with stationary engines. As one train ascends the other will come down. Each carriage will be fitted with automatic brakes. There are those who think that this will take all the romance out of the ascent, and who sneeringly ask if the crater is to be shown by gaslight. Others say that, year by year, "notable undertakings like this are rubbing the gloss off of whatever is strange and beautiful in nature."

—Buffalo Bill relates many amusing incidents connected with his brief theatrical career, one of which will suffice. While in Boston he engaged a gentleman to sing on the stage. The party in question was a Bostonian and considered himself an adept in vocal music. Bill contracted to pay him \$30 per night, to sing one ballad. The singer chose "Where are the Friends of My Youth?" After screwing through the ballad once, Bill sent him, saying: "Go to the treasurer of my company, get your \$20, then travel at once, and keep traveling until you find those friends of your youth, about the pursuit of which you have been singing, and don't stop until you find them." That was the last he saw of the famous "vocalist."

—That the DIME ROMANCES are not all romance many a current incident attests; and that the novel hero of the HALF DIME NOVELS—"Deadwood Dick, the Road-Agent Prince," is more fact than fiction such items as this give vivid evidence: "The treasure chest of the Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage Line that left Deadwood on Thursday, September 26th, was stopped by five armed men at Canon Springs, Cal. P. M. yesterday. Two messengers, Captain Smith and Gale Hill were seriously wounded, and one passenger, H. O. Campbell, telegraph operator, was killed. The treasure taken amounted to between \$25,000 and \$30,000. Ten armed men have started from Deadwood in pursuit of the robbers." The HALF DIME novelist will have to look to his laurels or the daily papers will "steal his thunder."

—Adolph Sultan, a lively man in Ploche, Nev., discharged Fred Dwyer, a drunken employee. On the following morning he received a note from Dwyer, saying: "I am coming to see you to-day." Soon afterward a boy came with the news that Dwyer sent him to say he'd be here pretty soon. Next, a stage-driver pulled up his horses to say: "I passed Fred Dwyer down the road, and he wanted me to tell you he'd be right along." Sultan wondered why Dwyer had taken so much trouble to give such trifling information, and while he was thinking about it, his son ran in and said: "Fred's coming to kill you—he says so." Sultan hastily armed himself. Dwyer soon came up, drew a revolver, fired, and missed his mark, but received three bullets in his body and died. And that's the way they do in Nevada!

—The Paris papers are telling a story of a beef-steak duel—of course it is an Englishman who is the challenger, and the Frenchman is induced to go through the ordeal by the Englishman's temptation of the offer of points—that is, he undertakes to eat ten steaks, and then start eating three in ten minutes. The Frenchman, usual, Mr. Frenchman leads off so voraciously that he is done up at the eighth beef-steak, but the Englishman goes on to the twenty-second, and only stops when, on calling for more, he is told that he has swallowed all in the house, and he must wait until another bullock is killed for him. In order to show the substantial character of the gorge, it is carefully stated that the steaks weighed half a pound each. Eleven pounds of beef and room for more! Just about the capacity of a prize hog.

—There is no country on the globe having the lands suited for cotton-growing. In conjunction with a long warm season and severe winter frosts, like our own. In latitudes destitute of keen frosts the fiber is much weaker than the fiber grown in America. This is especially true of the light, weak fiber of the East India cotton. In Upper Egypt alone a fiber has been produced that in some seasons will compare with our short staple. This, however, is of no consequence, as the Upper Egyptian crop amounts to only a few thousand of our bales. Other cotton raised in other parts of Egypt is inferior, and is used to mix with ours. Cotton requires a peculiar climate for its regular, unailing and perfect growth. It is a tropical plant, yet the tropics furnish (outside of our own country) but few, and those limited localities for the production of a fiber equal to our own. Although some of these latitudes produce cotton enormously, it is inferior. China is said to have produced from 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 of bales the size of ours. But China cannot now supply her own consumption, and is importing from British India a large amount to make up her deficiency.

—Thus looked Bismarck during his recent speech on Socialism: "As he raised his eyes for the first time, and, contracting his bushy brows into a frown, looked round the House rapidly, as though taking stock of his foes, his face wore an angry look, that boded evil to those who should cross him during the day's proceedings. Judging from his appearance as he subsequently stood up while speaking, it seemed that he had added a stone to his weight since last June, and that his health is still far from what his friends must wish it to be. His delivery is more broken and spasmodic than ever; he struggles obviously with some difficulty of breathing, and is obliged to pause from time to time (even in the middle of a sentence) apparently to gather strength or control his temper. His hands are hardly at rest for a moment—either they are twisting a huge lead-pencil, brushing at his cuffs, or clenching at the shining breast-buttons of his dark cuirassier tunic. But his gray eyes are as bright and fierce as of yore, and his voice, at moments of paramount excitement, rings out as defiantly and menacingly as ever. Altogether he is the most remarkable incorporation imaginable of conscious power and restrained passion, and it is not to be wondered at that weaker natures positively cower before him when he is in one of his reckless and desperate moods."

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Wrecked," "To a Fly," "The Spirit of the Past," "Kindred," "Lomb," "Enough's Flower," "My Baby," "Only a Trump Printer," "Sweet William," "A Carriage for Two," "Wiser than Wisdom," "A Scapigrace's Luck," "The Big Tree Tragedy," "The Horn Gull's Mystery," "Declined," "Imogene," "Schenectady," "Lotus or Egypt," "A Song," "Putting Aside the Old," "Lady Louise," "The Unconscious Conquest," "Apollo the Printer," "Exercise," "The Lark," "Yes, It Is," "Catching Crows."

J. T. J. We do not care to consider the series of papers.

I. E. A good silk dress hat can be had for four dollars.

Enuz Sr. C. Write to Dick and Fitzgerald, publishers, New York.

SAMSON. The best "lifting machine" for you is a saw-buck or crow-bar.

ETRIE. White merino does make a beautiful evening or party-dress and is much used.

GUYON No. 2. Any place on a steamer must be obtained by application to the captain or steward.

W. L. C. The *nom de plume* is that of the author named. Judge by what is in the papers as to what is the "class" of matter most in demand. Your chronography is passable.

A. G. W. If you know the lady and she knows you there should be a mutual recognition. In the case of a modeste, she not having been formally introduced was afraid to make the advance necessary to obtain your bow. If you each desire a closer acquaintance send her your card and a brief note asking if you can have the privilege of calling on her.

ELEEN M. M. The Princess Louise is the only royal princess of England who has married out of a royal family. Her husband is Sir John Douglas Sutherland Campbell; but was called marquis by courtesy. Fine water-proof cloth, of not too heavy quality, is one of the best materials for a winter traveling-dress. Silk dresses make a nice winter traveling-dress. Rip and take to a responsible cleaner, and you will find the silk much more satisfactory to make over than if you had it dyed. Black silk can be nicely cleaned by sponge with the breadstuffs with warm ammonia water. Hang in the air or fold tightly about a board and dry without ironing.

JOHN M. S. writes: "I married a young lady to whom my parents objected. We have been married nearly a year, and though my mother and sisters have called on her my father never has; and now that one of my sisters is to be married he will not allow the invitation for the wedding to be sent to my wife, while I have resented that. You do not know what a dear sister who is to be married, and I would like very much to go; but I want to know whether it is proper for me to do so without my wife? Certainly not. It is entirely your own choice and now you must require all of your friends to show your wife as much consideration as they show you. It would not only be allowing your friends to insult your wife, but would be an insult to her from you, were you to go where it was intimated that her society was not desired. Send your regrets and politely ask that you do not accept invitations in which your wife is not included."

Mrs. SARIE IDELL and MINNIE L. write: "A young gentleman recently came to live in the place where we reside, and previous to his making his home here he had, upon several occasions, been our guest, while a friend of his son, who was a student at the college, had been here. He came here to meet him and, bowed, but he scarcely noticed our recognition, and afterward so persistently looked at us that we made an attempt to notice him. We want to know if you think his behavior was gentlemanly?" Certainly not. He was rude. Whether you were special friends of his or not, since he had come to live in your house, though it was but to meet a friend of his there, he owed you not only his recognition when he met you, but courtesy and respect. He should call upon you within a short time after coming into your vicinity to reside. Whether he made any further attempt to see you, or whether you with you would then have been obliged to have having discharged the duties that etiquette demanded.

MARY SHAW. We think it very nice of little girls to devote their pennies and spare time in making Christmas presents for their friends. Yes, we can tell you of something pretty, useful, and inexpensive to make for many of our friends. Get half a yard of canvas, such as is used for worsted work, an ounce of black, single-zepph wool, and a few skeins of bright single-zepph wool, and ask your friends to give you some pieces of flannel; any color from red and yellow to black. Out of your canvas cut three squares that measure nine inches; in the center of each square cut a large initial letter, or any gay little design, and fill in with black, leaving half an inch of canvas on the sides, unaltered, for the purpose of sewing the flannel, a mere trifle larger than the squares of canvas, and pink the edges, or button-hole them coarsely with gay worsted. Tell your embroidered pieces upon these squares of flannel, so as to leave a flannel edge; and you will have a holder pretty enough to hang anywhere in parlor or sitting-room.

MAUD says: "Will you please tell me what will make my complexion fine? It is very coarse. It resembles a pin-cushion after the pins are taken out. It is marked and feels very rough like a pin-cushion." In the first place you must diet yourself. If you are stout eat just as little as will satisfy your appetite, but do not go hungry. If you are thin eat plenty of vegetables. Eat bread, and eat plenty of quantities of fruit, and sparingly of meats. Use plenty of grain food, but no puddings, pies, cake, preserves, or fat food. Eat a little of each, but twice a month pursue this in order of clearing the system of impurities. Take a cold or tepid water bath daily, rubbing the skin to a glow with coarse towels. Take plenty of exercise and get out of doors several hours a day. Every other night you might take a small dose of taraxacum. Make a mask of cotton, quilted with a piece of white cloth and wear it upon the face. If you have a patience to wear the mask every night for six weeks or two months, and keep up a careful regimen, you will be repaid by possessing a skin fair and soft as a child's.

MARTHA, Memphis, N. Y., writes: "Will you please give me a remedy for moth patches?" Dissolve thirty grains of chlorate of potash in eight ounces of rose-water, and use this wash upon the like patches. If this prove ineffectual it is a sign that the spots are the result of deep-seated disease of the liver and it may take six weeks or even a year to effect a permanent cure; but it can be done. You must eat no pastry, puddings, nor fried food of any kind; and no bread save that made of coarse flour. Let the diet consist entirely of coarse bread, light broiled meats, vegetables, grain food, and fruit. Eat heartily of all seeds, fruits, tomatoes, peas, etc. Four times a day take a large dose of taraxacum. Any druggist will prepare you these pills. Also, a third of a teaspoonful of chlorate of soda dissolved in a glass of water, taken three times a day, one before each meal, will aid greatly in neutralizing the morbid matter in the stomach. This treatment, together with good spirits, pleasing society, and plenty of exercise, is the only way in which you can rid yourself of these unpleasant blotches.

NOVIE wishes to know whether a young lady can learn to shoot with a bow and arrow without having an instructor, and she can't pay for lessons in archery? As to how long a range should she shoot, what size of bow should she use, and how much cost the outfit cost, and is there any in the costumes worn by young ladies who belong to archery clubs?—Yes, a young lady can learn to shoot without any teacher, and by constant practice may become very graceful and very accurate in the use of the bow. She should commence practicing at a range of thirty feet, soon increasing that to forty, and in time to sixty feet—the ordinary range for lady archers. A bow that pulls twenty-five pounds is a good size to use at first; but most ladies belonging to clubs use bows that pull from twenty to twenty-five pounds. The exercise is not so soon as they get accustomed to the exercise. The position taken for shooting is with the left side toward the target, the left hand grasping the bow firmly, the left arm is stretched taut, the head of the bow rests upon the left hand, and the arrow is drawn back by the thumb and bent fore-finger of the right hand—the right arm is raised to a level with the ear—until that hand touches the ear. A bow for first practice use may be purchased for \$2. The arrows, especially the pretty painted ones, cost more by the half-dozen than the bow. A three-footed iron stand comes for the target to hang upon, though a wooden stand may be manufactured at home. Targets are about \$1, each additional cover, which you can easily sew on, 65 cents. Gloves should be worn when shooting. Heavy ones with gauntlets are the best. Where wrist-protectors are used gloves may be dispensed with. You can buy or make your quiver, as best suits your taste and means. The costume for archery is a scant, short skirt, worn with a Breton jacket, or a vest over a linen shirt. Green is the favored color—(leaf-green) with trimmings of white or silver braids.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

CRISTELLA.

BY WM. W. LONG.

The sun went down in a cloud of gold,
To his palace home in the west,
As I bade my love a last good-bye,
And held her to my breast.

I felt her heart beat soft and low,
As I held her face to mine;
And looked my last in her dark eyes bright,
On the banks of the river Rhine.

As we marched away in the gathering gloom,
To fields of blood and strife,
I cursed the blackness that hid from view
The purest hope of my life.

On many a field of blood I fought,
When the air was all aflame,
Mid the whirl of shot and burst of shell,
To win what the world calls fame.

The fame that came when my heart was sick
With its barren waste of years—
A heart whose hopes lay withered and dead,
Crowned in a wreath of tears.

To-night, as I stand in my palace home—
In my castle proud and grand—
I see from a cottage across the way
The gleam of a fair white hand!

I catch the sound of laughter sweet,
From a woman over there,
And then I see at the cottage door
A face that is strangely fair.

She gazes out in the thickening gloom
Her children's sires to see,
With never a thought, with never a look,
With never a word for me.

Then the cottage door shuts out the gleam
Of the fire-light cheerful glow,
And I turn and I stroll thro' my lonely halls
Black with their shrouds of woe.

Thick and heavy the clouds pass in,
Dividing her life and mine,
As I bid farewell to the one sweet dream,
In my castle by the Rhine.

Love Against Lucre.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

EDNA stood a little back of the droop of the white Swiss curtains that so beautifully and coolly draped the windows of Mrs. Chessonleigh's suite of rooms at the Ocean House, listening with a courtesy of attention to aunt Chessonleigh's remarks, but a courtesy that was mingled with a pretty little air of half-defiance and half-deprecation.

"Fortunate! Why, Edna, is it possible you do not comprehend you are the most fortunate girl at Long Branch? Only think, child, you haven't been with me a month yet—not a month away from the quiet little country farm-house, and here you've had an offer from Clarence Cumberland, the most eligible *parti* in society—rich, handsome and aristocratic."

Mrs. Caleb Chessonleigh looked up from her bamboo rocker into Edna Hale's fresh, girlish face that was all pink-and-white, with velvety bronze-brown eyes and delicate cherry-ripe lips, and a deeply-cleft chin.

Only four weeks ago she had come to the city to aunt Chessonleigh's, for a society season at Long Branch and Newport and the White Mountains, and here, while the charming novelty was yet at its fullness, she had had the great honor extended to her that scores of other girls were in vain languishing for—the honor of the offer of Mr. Clarence Cumberland's hand and heart, name and riches.

And Mrs. Chessonleigh was in a triumph of ecstasy about it.

"You're a perfect little tramp, Edna! To think—well, there are, at the least, a dozen girls who will die with envy when they hear of your engagement, and your mother will be so delighted and gratified! He will give you a solitaire ring, your ring, I am sure, and I'll see to the *trousseau*, my dear, and the bridal tour will be of course to Etr—"

"Oh, aunt Jessie, please give me a chance to speak. I told you Mr. Cumberland had asked me to marry him—but—"

She half-smiled, half-frowned as she paused abruptly.

Mrs. Chessonleigh suddenly stopped twisting her gleaming amethyst ring. Edna went on, almost defiantly.

"I refused him, aunt Jessie, because—"

Mrs. Chessonleigh actually started up in her chair.

"What! Refused him! Refused Clarence Cumberland! Edna Hale, what are you talking about?"

A little saucy gleam came into Edna's bronze-brown eyes.

"Why, Mr. Cumberland, to be sure! Auntie, you surely do not think I ought to marry a man more than twice as old as I am—and I am nineteen?"

"Of course I think you ought to be proud and glad of Mr. Cumberland's offer. Good heavens! Edna, you've thrown away the chance of your lifetime."

"But, aunt Jessie, I am sure I never can love him; I never—"

"Stuff and nonsense! What has a child like you to do with such a silly question? You don't love him! Up with you, Edna—what can you expect in the shape of a husband if Mr. Cumberland does not suit you—rich, good-looking, aristocratic, influential, and—desperately in love with you?"

Then Edna's brown eyes flashed, and she drew her slender, graceful figure up to its fullest height—such a charming figure, all curves and dimples, and as willowy as a flower-stem.

"I will tell you what I want, auntie—somebody I am sure will be all the world to me, and to whom I will be all in all. Somebody I love, and I love, deeply, dearly, beyond the possibility of a doubt."

Her face flushed a little as she spoke, but it colored more vividly as a slow, sarcastic smile, full of meaning, gathered around Mrs. Chessonleigh's cold, handsome lips.

"Oh, I begin to understand! Perhaps you are becoming interested in that young scapegrace of a fellow who is Mr. Cumberland's second or third cousin, or something of the like—that young Glenmorris?"

Edna stood her ground bravely.

"Yes, aunt Jessie, Hugh is, and I love him."

"Hugh! You call him 'Hugh'?"

Edna laughed in spite of herself at the genuine horror depicted on Mrs. Chessonleigh's face.

"Why should I not? You have not allowed me to tell you why I call him Hugh; it is the same reason why I refused Mr. Cumberland; because I am engaged to marry Mr. Glenmorris."

Mrs. Chessonleigh actually gasped with horror.

"Edna Hale! It cannot be possible you are engaged to Hugh Glenmorris! Why he hasn't a dollar in the world above his salary, and I know—mind, I positively know—Mr. Cumberland will never leave him a penny."

"As if I want Hugh to have Mr. Cumberland's money! I love Hugh for himself, and you will see how happy we will be, and then you will admit that I know best, after all. You're not going to be angry, aunt Jessie?"

Mrs. Chessonleigh had arisen in great indignity that was almost wrath, but a sight of the girl's sweet, coaxing face interrupted the haughty departure she contemplated.

"You certainly are old enough to have your way, Edna," she said, coldly, stiffly, "but I am not willing to be responsible for you, further. I shall write the particulars to your parents, and request them to send for you. I cannot look my friend Cumberland in the face and know that an inmate of my house, a member of my family has been so absurdly—absurd. I can find no better word."

It was that same afternoon that Mr. Clarence Cumberland drove up to the doors of the Ocean House with his team of high-stepping black mares, their glittering gold-mounted harness and white-lashed ear-necks, and his elegant barouche with its liveried coachman and footman, and asked for Miss Hale, to receive there and then the greatest surprise that had ever

befallen him in his long, selfish career—the surprise of the refusal of his offer at little Miss Edna's fair hands.

But Edna was not to be persuaded or scolded or reasoned into reconsidering her decision. She simply said she loved Hugh Glenmorris, and was engaged to him, and that nothing any one could say would change it.

Nor did she retreat from her stand when there came a long letter from home, wherein her mother expostulated and coaxed and gave lots of good advice; wherein her father almost was harsh to her because she had let such a rare opportunity pass by; wherein Sue and Minnie, her older and younger sisters, frankly expressed their astonishment and envy.

It was somewhat of a curious compilation, as affairs stood just then. Mrs. Chessonleigh was in one of her distant, dignified moods, and politely but positively insisted that, since Edna had thrown off her yoke of authority, she should return to her home.

While Edna's parents were equally determined that Edna should stay where she was and give the Golden Prince sufficient encouragement to renew his magnificent offer.

Edna waited patiently a few days—days when her pride and her heart were touched sorely—days when she felt herself ill-used by every one in all the world but Hugh Glenmorris.

"What shall I do?" she said to him, after a day or so had gone by.

They were driving leisurely along Ocean avenue in Mr. Glenmorris's neat little buggy, the sweet salt air blowing on Edna's face that had grown a trifle paler than its usual fairness these last few days.

Hugh's heart gave a great thrill of tender pity and passionate love for her—this little darling who had deliberately refused so much for him.

"I can tell you what to do," he said; and there was something in his tone, in the words, which prepared Edna for what he said.

"I have often wondered if you would think I rejoiced in the circumstances that surround you—I was afraid you would think me selfish; but, Edna, why not let us be married at once? Why not now—right away, this afternoon? My vacation is up and we can go back to town to-morrow and begin our new life. Say yes, Edna, won't you?"

Why should she not say yes? She sat thrillingly and tremulously, and her heart was full of happiness offered her, and she watched her lovely face as she looked out on the billowy sea as if seeking an answer of advice.

Then she turned toward him, laying one fair hand on his sleeve, her frank, glad eyes looking straightly into his.

"Hugh, I do think it will be best."

And then, Mr. Glenmorris touched up his horse, and drove into Long Branch village, and inquired for the Methodist parsonage, and when they drove along Ocean avenue again, in the distance, behind them, Edna was Hugh Glenmorris's wife—just a little agitated, a little pale on account of the hasty marriage and the necessity involved of immediately telling her aunt Jessie on her return to the hotel—pale and a trifle nervous, until a sudden exclamation from Mr. Glenmorris, who, for once, himself, and everything else except the fact that a team of runaway horses, with foam-speckled breasts and glittering harness, was tearing down the road, the lines tangling in their thundering feet, the elegant barouche behind them rocking and swaying in its mad career from side to side of the drive.

It passed them like a wild flash, just as Edna heard her husband's horrified words:

"It is my uncle's turnout! Edna—for God's sake, turn your head away—"

For there on the broad, beautiful thoroughfare, a crowd was rapidly gathering around a prostrate figure, one glimpse of which had been enough to show Mr. Glenmorris that it was Clarence Cumberland's dead body—cut, and bloody, and ghastly pale and rigid.

Two or three hours later, Lawyer Melwood touched Hugh Glenmorris on the shoulder as he was slowly pacing to and fro on the deserted balcony.

"I suppose you have no idea what a wealthy man your uncle was. Your uncle destroyed his will this morning in which he left all his property to some heathenish institution, and the consequence is, you are sole heir, being next and only of kin. I congratulate you on his neglect, my boy."

So Mr. Cumberland riches came to Edna, after all—brave, loyal little girl that she was, who refused to barter love for gold.

And her parents and sisters never seem to remember that there was a time when they hated the very sound of Hugh's name, while Mrs. Chessonleigh doled on "Don't hug your wife" equally with "Edna's husband—such a splendid fellow, you know!" for, is not that just the way of the world?

THE WINNING OAR;
OR,
THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

A Story of Boston and of Cambridge, of the College boys of Harvard, of the great boat-race, of woman's love, man's treachery, and sisterly devotion.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "THE POLICE SPY," "OVERLAND KIT," "JUNIOR BACK," "ON DON HUGH," "THE WHITE WITCH," "PRETTY MISS NELL," "THE OWLS OF NEW YORK," "SUNDOWN," "THE GIRLS OF NEW ORLEANS," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.
MR. GRAY'S LITTLE GAME.

GRAY, from his place of concealment in the yard, had overheard all that had passed within the room, and his quick wits at once had devised a plan to turn the matter to his own advantage.

He was considerably astonished at the discovery of the relationship that existed between the old tramp and the pretty Winifred, for he had had no suspicion at all of the thing. A mere whim of the moment had impressed him with the design of playing the spy for the purpose of discovering what the tramp's business was with the doctor; but he had had no idea when he entered upon the thing that it would so turn that he could use it to advantage.

But with the revelation of the mystery there flashed a scheme into his head which he could profitably use by the unexpected events.

And so he had followed the old vagabond up closely, when he left the garden, overheard his muttered words and accosted him as we have related.

Milligan turned in alarm.

"Oh, wots that; wot do you mean?" he cried, not exactly knowing what to make of it.

"Just what I say, Jerry; let me in for a share and I'll make a good thing out of it for both of us."

"Wot do you mean? Blame me if I understand wot you are driving at!" Milligan was a pretty old bird, and not to be easily caught. Of course from Gray's manner he suspected that he knew something of what had transpired, but had no idea that he had overheard every word.

"Oh, you know very well," Gray answered, in his careless way. "You've got a good thing, but you don't know how to handle it."

Milligan was very much inclined to be suspicious.

"Wot is it you're arter? Blow me tight, if I know!" he declared.

"Why, I'm after a share of that whack of four hundred dollars a month which you didn't succeed in getting, and which you'll never get without some better head to manage the job

than that noddle that you've got on your shoulders, my friend."

"Say, how did you come to know anything 'bout it?" the tramp asked, astonished at the information of the other.

"Why, when you told me you had business with the doctor, you excited my curiosity, and therefore I 'piped' you off, and snugly hid under a bush in the garden, I saw you enter the doctor's parlor and overheard every word that passed."

"Well, may I be blessed! if that wasn't a smart trick!" exclaimed the tramp, in admiration.

"Oh, I'm up to a thing or two, once in a while."

"And you think that I can't manage the job?"

"You're short, you're a crier, Gray, in contempt; 'didn't you make a nice mess of it to-night?'"

"I did the best I knew how!"

"And that was bad enough!" Gray retorted, in contempt. "Now, let me show you how the ground slays and how you went to work and spoiled the nicest little pie that I've seen for some time."

"It wasn't no pie to me," Milligan growled.

"Because you didn't know how to cook it. Listen, while I explain: Sixteen or eighteen years ago, you left your child with the doctor. He, like a fool, ignorant of the well-established fact that men of your stamp always turn up when they are least expected, brings up the girl in the belief that she is his own daughter. She grows up pretty and interesting; my cousin, Otis, is in love with her."

"Wot is that iron-fisted fellow your cousin?"

"Aha! he was the student, then, that ornate your face this afternoon?"

"He handles his dukes like a bruiser!" the tramp growled.

"I should think so; he is admitted to be the best amateur boxer in this section of the country, and has plenty of muscle to back his skill."

"He hits like a horse's kick, curse him!"

"He is the stroke-car of the Harvard crew, and the best man of his inches that ever striped a court, and the use of the hammer is that you have so disgusted the girl, and so impressed her with the idea that you are the biggest scamp unbug, that she wouldn't marry any decent man, no matter how much she loved him, while you are anywhere around. And now old man, own up, haven't I put the case exactly as it is? and don't you think that you are the biggest idiot that ever walked?"

Milligan scratched his head thoughtfully after this uncompromising speech.

"I don't handle it as it ought to be done," he admitted, dolefully, "but I ain't used to playing such games."

"You can 'doctor' a horse better, can't you?"

This little reference to the job he had once so cleverly performed for Mr. Gray, made the old scamp wince. "Never would his bones forget the pumping they got on that occasion."

"Well, what do you say, do you want me to take a hand in this thing and see if I can't fix things so that a big stake can be made out of it?" Gray continued.

"Well, I dunno," remarked Mr. Milligan, reflectively.

"You don't see any chance to make a raise out of it, do you?"

"Nary chance!" confessed the old tramp, with a sigh.

"Well, I do; I see from five to ten thousand dollars in the affair."

Milligan stared.

"My heyes! You don't say so?"

"Honor bright; but I want a good whack—I want half, and in order to make my little game successful, I want you to put me in the way of the letter and without question."

"It's a bargain!"

"All right. Now, in the first place, you want money—have you got any?"

"Only a little besides the five you give me."

"That's all right. This goes to be all tugged out in a decent suit of clothes and then you can throw these old rags away; then you will want money for traveling expenses. I'll be your banker, for it will take a couple of hundred before we can begin to make anything out of this job, so sober, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, as a judge, when I've got any business on hand."

"That's good; now the racket that we're to play is this: You're to dress yourself up in a decent suit of clothes, get yourself shaved and fixed up, then call upon the girl to be married, and request a private interview with her. The granted, tell her that this appearance to-night in rags and dirt was all a device on your part to try her and the old doctor; that you are, and have been for some time, engaged in my service as a doctor of 'trains,' and that the mention of my name will give confidence; say that you are making a good, fair living, and that you have got a little house in upper New York all fitted-up for her reception; say that you heard indirectly that there was a sort of flirtation going on between herself and my cousin, Otis, that you were not acquainted with him, except by reputation, but you did not think that it was a very good idea, as he was a very wealthy young gentleman and she was only a poor girl, and that you were afraid it was an infatuation which in time he would give over, and that you hoped she would give up all idea of him. Then say that you are ready to start for New York as soon as she can prepare herself, and hint that you would like to get back to your duties as soon as possible. Now, do you see my idea? You take the lead away and you hide her from my cousin. That, of course, will make him just crazy to find her, which, through my aid, in time, he will do. Your continually harping on the theme that he is a rich man, and you do not believe that he means honest by the girl, will, in master of my 'trains,' and my cousin, Otis, prove to you that he does, and the first thing you know, she'll run off and get married to him. You see, I will be in my cousin's confidence and will engineer the whole thing, and I shall say to him that the best way to keep you quiet is to give you a certain sum of money, and that, in come payable monthly, but without the knowledge of his wife. The sum paid down I take; the income, you take; and now what do you think of the 'plant'?"

"Beautiful!" cried Milligan, enthusiastically.

"Ah! Mr. Gray, you've got a 'lead on your shoulders'!"

"Yes, I fancy that I wasn't born yesterday," Gray replied, complacently.

"Oh, it will work; there's no doubt about it!"

"Not the slightest, as long as we get the jail-bird idea out of the girl's mind and excite her womanly obstinacy in regard to the man she loves."

By this time the two had arrived at Harvard Square.

"Instead of meeting me here to-morrow," Gray remarked, "meet me in Boston on the steps of Fenwick Hall at eight in the morning, and then I'll have you toggled out. Good-night!"

And then the twin parted, to meet again on the morrow to prepare to carry out Mr. Gray's little game.

CHAPTER XXI.

CARRYING IT OUT.

The conspirators met at the time agreed upon. Milligan had already visited a barber, been shaved, had his hair cut and in part enjoyed a general "titivating" up.

"Hallo! you look like a different man already!" Gray exclaimed, as he surveyed his tool.

Gray had selected an early hour and a spot where he was not apt to meet any acquaintances for a meeting-place; besides there was an abundance of cheap, ready-made clothing stores in the immediate vicinity where Milligan could be refitted.

The part that the arch plotter had assigned to the old man was not a difficult one and it fitted him a plain, decent man, but no tramp or criminal; the head of a training stable, a man likely to be a little rough in speech and manner; such a character the old tramp could get along with very well, and Gray had little fear that the simple girl would detect the cheat. Besides, the very fact that the man pretended to be in his service would be sure to kill suspicion.

A deal of trouble Mr. Harry Gray was taking and for quite a small stake, one acquainted with the man would have remarked, nor was the sporting Beacon-streeter at all the sort of gentleman that one would suppose could be tempted to enter into a partnership with such an unsavory wretch as Jerry Milligan.

But Harry Gray was a shrewd fellow as men go, nowadays, and, as a general rule, he always had more than one string to his bow.

To one scheme he had devoted himself with great determination, and that was, by either fair means or foul to compass the defeat of the Harvard crew in the coming race with the Yale boys; good reason had he to work, for both fortune and reputation depended upon it. If the Harvard hulkers should lose the race, he would be the Harvard man, came first over the winning line, he was a ruined man; but if, on the contrary, the blue of Yale led the way past the judge's boat, with a new fortune and an upright head he might try a fresh deal in the game of life.

His first move in the desperate plan to "throw" the race and insure that Yale should win, no matter if the Harvard crew was by far the best, was to remove Winny from Bub's sight.

Bub was the stroke-car—the winning oar, as he was proudly called by his admirers—and there were many—of the Harvard crew; if Bub was tampered with—we do not mean in a money sense, for Gray knew his cousin well enough to understand that there wasn't gold enough in this world to tempt the stroke-car to a dishonest action—but if by some accident—some trick he could be removed from his place in the Harvard boat on the day of the race, and the crew be forced to put another man in his seat the chances were ten to one that Harvard, rowing at such a disadvantage, would lose the race.

This was a difficult task, but this was the task that Gray had taken upon himself—the task which he had sworn to accomplish if it was within the power of mortal man to do it.

The second move was to induce Bub to follow the girl to New York, by so doing, he would be obliged to neglect his training and so endanger the success of his crew.

The third move we shall see anon, and this was to be the crowning stroke of all.

With Gray's money Milligan purchased a neat, dark suit of clothes, a new shirt, collar and neck-tie, stockings, shoes, hat—in fact, a complete outfit from top to toe, and when he had discarded his rags and donned his new "togs," as he termed them, he made a very presentable appearance.

"You'll head right for Cambridge," Gray said, after the transformation was completed and the disreputable-looking tramp had, by the aid of the great miracle-worker, plenty of money, been made over into quite a decent-looking man.

"I want to get the girl away while Bub is absent," Gray explained. "You can say to her that, as the party will be apt to be very painful, you think it will be better for her to write to him."

"But then he'll know where she is!" Milligan suggested.

"You fool! won't you have the posting of the letters?" Gray asked, tartly.

"My stars! what a head you've got!"

On the way to Cambridge in the horse-car, which happened by the way to be sparingly patronized, Gray took particular care to drill the tramp into the part which he was to play, and the old scamp, being quick to learn mischief, like all his class, soon convinced the mastermind, that he would not fail in his "trick."

And so about ten o'clock that morning the good doctor, when he heard the door-bell sound and went to admit the visitor, was decidedly astonished to recognize in the well-dressed, well-appearing stranger, the unsavory old tramp whose appearance had kicked up such a bobby on the previous evening.

"A little job, old man," he explained, gravely, to the astonished doctor. "Thank heaven, sir, I am able to care for the gal as she ought to be cared for."

The doctor hastened to tell Winny of the wonderful change in the appearance of Jeremiah Milligan, and the old girl, who had been so long trying his best to look respectable, was really surprised, although she had been prepared for the change by the doctor's statement.

Briefly, and as politely and gentlemanly as possible, he told the old girl related to her the yarn which the wily Mr. Harry Gray had concocted, and the girl accepted it, of course, for literal truth.

A weight was taken off her mind when she discovered that the author of her being was not a wicked, long-absent father, but the companion of prison-birds and felons, a man who had tasted the hospitalities of nearly every jail in the county.

To her mind there was no disgrace in honest poverty, and when the old man explained that for years he had been connected with training stables devoted to the preparation of fast horses for racing purposes, she no longer wondered at his sometime uncouth sayings, for she understood enough of the world, young as she was, to know that the horseman fraternity almost have a language of their own.

As gently and delicately as possible—just as he had been instructed by Gray—he spoke of the stroke-car, and hinted that he did not believe in the admiration of that young gentleman, and that as far as he, Mr. Milligan, was concerned, he would be pleased if the gentleman Gray himself to himself and troubled not the abode of the Milligans with his presence.

Winny did not attempt to defend her lover's truth, although in her own mind she would as soon believe that the sun would sink some day, as to believe that the doctor's story was the very soul of honor and truth.

The future, too, now looked a great deal brighter to the girl, for since her father had turned out to be quite a decent sort of man, and there was no taint upon her name, who could tell what the coming days might bring forth, if Bub was the honest and truthful lover which she believed him to be?

Winny demurred at first to the sudden departure, but, after consulting the doctor, took his advice and concluded to go. As he explained to her, "Under the circumstances it is just as well that you should go at once, perhaps a great deal better. You can write, you know."

To tell the truth, the doctor was anxious to see how Lawrence would act. In his heart the old gentleman was somewhat afraid that Bub might be a little flighty, and that he didn't know his own mind as well as he might; rumors had reached the doctor regarding Bub's flirtations with the innkeeper's daughter, and though he placed little credence in the reports, still he thought that the departure of Winny would give the young man a fine chance to make up his mind, if he did waver at all, between two rival fair ones.

And so Winny departed from the house which had sheltered her for so many years; went forth into that wide world from whence

the charity of the good doctor and his wife had snatched her so many years ago.

A poor little lamb consigned to the care of as remorseless a wolf as ever lapped human blood.

When Bub returned home to dinner and found Winny gone, he stormed terribly.

"It is all a trick," he cried, "to take Winny from me; but I'll baffle the plot; I'll put detectives on the track at once."

But the doctor persuaded him out of this course by representing its folly.

"Wait patiently for a few days; then she will write, say how she is situated, and you can go and see her, if you like."

Bub finally came to the conclusion that this was the wisest plan, but in regard to the wonderful transformation of the old tramp he was utterly incredulous.

"It is some trick! some trick!" he kept repeating; "that fellow is a villain and a thief! Didn't I have to knock him down twice on the highway before he would give up the gold-piece which he stole from Winny? and they were no love-taps that I gave him, either! I heard his ribs crack the first time, but he was game enough to come for a second dose."

In vain the doctor explained to Bub what Mr. Milligan had explained to him, thanks to crafty Harry Gray's cunning brain, that the attack on the highway was only a device to persuade the two girls that he was nothing but an old tramp, so that he would be received and recognized as such when he came to the house, and that he knew the ladies all the time.

But, to use

The tramp business was move No. 1, and this was move No. 2.

"She'll serve it in a jiffy!" And then the old man hurried into the house to give the necessary orders.

"Everything goes on splendidly!" Gray muttered to himself, complacently. "I shall succeed, I am sure of it! This girl must get out of this. I want her in New York where she can serve my purpose as a stone to attract my dear cousin, old Harvard's winning ear, as they term him, but I'll bet a trifle that in his next race, whether he sits in the boat or out of it, his crew will not come in ahead."

Old Gooch again emerged from the cottage.

"You'll be served in a few minutes, sir, and I hope you'll excuse me," he said.

"Oh, yes."

The innkeeper departed, and hardly had he disappeared down the street before the girl came from the house with the ginger ale.

"Will you have your chop here, sir?" she asked.

"Yes, if you please, and are you going to cook it?"

"Yes, sir."

"They would never believe this in New York if I were to tell them, would they?" he exclaimed.

A shawl of annoyance passed over the pretty face of the girl.

"Ah, but I hope that you will not tell them," she replied. "I trust that you will keep my secret there as well as here."

"Oh you can rely implicitly upon my discretion."

"But I say, wouldn't you like to have Bub know your true position in the world?" the tempter asked, insidiously.

The girl colored up for a moment; the bare mention of the stroke-car's name always brought the tell-tale blood into her cheeks.

"Why, what difference should it make to me?" she asked.

"Oh, come! why do you beat about the bush?" he replied. "Do you think that I am blind—do you think that I haven't known of the flirtation which has been going on between you and my cousin? Why it is all over town that he is over head and ears in love with you."

"In love with Doctor Nobody's daughter, you mean," she retorted, two bright pink spots appearing in her cheeks, "and what chance do I stand—I, the innkeeper's daughter, against that young lady?"

The girl spoke bitterly, and she glanced down with a scornful air at the common print dress she wore.

"Aha! I see that you haven't heard the news."

"What news?" she asked.

"About the young lady who was supposed to be the doctor's daughter."

"Supposed to be! Why, is there any doubt about it?"

"Well, yes, rather, considering that an aged tramp, who rejoices in the name of Jerry Miligan, has made his appearance, and claimed the girl as his child!"

"Why, it is just like a story!" she exclaimed.

"And does the doctor admit that the man's claim is correct?"

"Oh, yes; yes; and, more, he has yielded the girl to his care, and by this time she is on the way to her new home."

"And where is that? do you know?" The girl was curious regarding her rival.

"Oh, yes; Boston, I believe, is where the old wretch lives; and so, you see, at one sudden and unexpected blow poor Winifred is hurled to poverty and disgrace."

"Disgrace?"

"Yes, that is the proper word; this new-found father is a regular old rascal; no first-class scoundrel, you know, who has thrived by his roguery, but a mean, vulgar, old tramp, who has probably seen the inside of more prisons than he has fingers and toes."

The girl was silent for a few moments, evidently meditating deeply upon this startling and unexpected news, and Gray watched her narrowly, a cunning look in his shrewd eyes.

"It must have been a dreadful blow to the poor girl," she said, at last.

"Yes, it was, and a dreadful blow to Lawrence, too."

"And—and what does he think of it?" she asked.

"I should thought that if he cared for her he would have at once volunteered to take her away from the life of misery to which she is evidently doomed unless some friendly hand is outstretched to save her."

"So he did, and the old tramp eagerly jumped at the chance to sell the girl, but she, as proud as a tragedy queen, spurned the offer. She plainly told Bub before all of us there that there was now a gulf between them that could not be spanned, and that henceforth they would be as strangers to each other."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Kate, in wonder.

"Yes, and now comes your chance! Be guided by me, and I'll engage that in less than a month Bub shall be at your feet!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 445.)

AT NIGHT.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

The clinking of the wave,
Like the fall of silver keys,
Sent up an endless tune
To me and the moon.

As we watched above the seas,
Far off a shining ship
Shone through the dew to me
As out she sped again
To strands of gold and gain
Or the lonely, lonely sea.

Forward her pennon streamed
Upon the forward breeze,
And her farwells sailed grey white
From the faces of the night,
And the moon, and the seas.

"Oh, lothful, lessening sails,
What eyes," I cried, "for ye
Are straining into tears
To pierce the patient years
That shall hold ye to the seas!"

"Oh, aching hearts that wait,
And mournful souls that flee,
May never your sorrow know
The dread life-losing blow
Of the summons of the sea."

And ever the wave made tune
Up to the moon and me,
And a parting gleam came back
From the far ship's trailing track
As she crossed the brim of the sea.

Equality Eph,

The Outlaw of the Chaparral;

OR,

SPORT AND PERIL IN TEXAS.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "HAPPY JACK AND PARD," "THE CALIFORNIANS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

WOLVES OF THE CHAPARRAL.

As their comrades fell before that unerring rifle, as Martin uttered that fear-inspiring name, as they beheld the man or demon concerning whom so many wild and thrilling tales were told, the outlaws shrunk back as from the plague, and some among their number seemed about to seek safety in headlong flight.

With a cry of mortified rage the young woman, Missouri Belle, spurred her pony forward, her eyes flashing fire.

"Twenty men cowed by a single man—and he with the life-blood of your comrades staining his hands! Go! hide you, ye cowards, you pitiful cowards! I will avenge poor Conrade myself!"

Straight toward the black rider the excited girl rode, and as the spotted pony carried her within pistol range, she drew a revolver and fired at her foe in swift succession.

Mark Bird, bound and disarmed though he

was, urged forward the horse which he bestrode behind his cousin, not thinking of the danger he was courting, only seeing the fair young girl rushing to such an unequal encounter, deserted by those whose duty it was to guard and defend her.

The black rider remained motionless, his eyes riveted upon the form of Missouri Belle as she charged down upon him, a glorious vision. Motionless until the leaden bullets began whistling viciously around him, and it seemed as though the fair road-agent was fated to avenge the death of her follower. But then, without a word or gesture, the Death Shot wheeled his horse and sped away over the level plain.

This seemed to restore in a degree the usual courage of the outlaws, and with Martin at their head, they put their animals to speed and thundered along the triple trail.

Belle urged her pony on with voice and spur, but all her efforts were in vain. The black horse forged ahead until its rider was beyond pistol range, then steadily maintained its advantage without seeming effort, though the spotted mustang was straining every nerve to its utmost tension.

For over a mile the chase swept on. Martin and his comrades had overtaken the doubly-burdened horse ridden by the cousins. Missouri Belle, at length satisfied that it was beyond the powers of her pony to overtake the black rider, relaxed her exertions and rejoined the outlaws.

"Is there no horse here that can come up with that demon? I will give one hundred dollars to the man that takes him, dead or alive!"

"As well chase the wind!" muttered Martin, sullenly. "That is no mortal man and horse. A bullet flattens against his breast and a knife shivers like a bit of glass. He is a demon—he and his horse! He is just playing with us. Or trying to lead us into some trap or pitfall. I will face flesh and blood long as any man, but I'll not fight against spirits."

"And you are the one my father has chosen to succeed him—a coward, doubly so!" flashed Missouri Belle. "Not a word of the right of your craven face is enough, without the idle buzzing of your tongue. Forward, men! Remember poor Conrade!"

A wild cheer greeted this fiery speech, and the chase swept on through the high grass with redoubled vigor and determination. Not the least interested were the cousins. Eagerly they watched the fugitive. Though the outlaws were urging their horses on with bloody spur, the black steed was holding his own, and was simply pacing.

"What did I say?" suddenly cried Martin. "Is that a mortal horse?"

The Death Shot turned in his saddle and waved one hand in a mocking defiance. The black horse shot forward like an arrow fresh from the bow, running low, smooth and with marvelous swiftness, leaving the outlaws so rapidly that by contrast their animals appeared to be creeping.

On like a swallow the black horse sped; and then vanished as though the earth had suddenly opened and swallowed him up!

Uneasy glances passed between the outlaws. Superstitious as most evil beings are, bronzed faces grew pale as the voice of the Death Shot came from the air, and the black horse did not entirely escape, but her voice was steady and determined.

"There is some trick in this. I am going to solve the mystery. Those who are afraid can wait my return."

"Look yonder!" and a gray-bearded outlaw pointed straight ahead, far beyond the point where the Death Shot had so suddenly disappeared.

"Horsemen, and coming this way. It may be the ranger."

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"That will do," growled the invalid, with a curse. "You have made no mistake. But to make sure—your names?"

Realizing the utter folly of obstinacy, the cousins replied.

"Good enough! You came to Texas in answer to a letter from one David Woodson?"

"You will excuse our answering that question until we are better convinced of your right to ask it," said Martin, with a smile.

"The right of might, young man. You are in my power—I can do with you as I will. One word from my lips will condemn you to death or give you life. If you are wise you will remember this. But don't mind answering my I am David Woodson. There I am not well enough to say more. Martin, put them in the cage, and leave their hands bound. Set a close guard over them. Go, now!"

CHAPTER XII.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

THE instructions of the outlaw chief were promptly and thoroughly carried out by Martin and his fellows. The two prisoners were led through the little collection of huts and thrust into an oblong structure of logs. The door was closed and barred upon them, and as they stood in the utter darkness, the cousins could distinctly hear Martin giving the man placed upon guard his orders.

"Allow no one to approach the jug without the pass-word, and if either of the prisoners attempts to escape, shoot him down—and don't waste your shot, either!"

"Prime comfort, that!" uttered Mark, with a faint laugh. "Seems to me we're seeing the elephant in sober earnest, Kirke. I don't want you to think I am weakening, but I'd give all my old boots for just one glimpse of the old man and folks about this place and Woodsy. I believe we've been on a wild-goose chase from the first."

"Not altogether," replied Howard, earnestly. "He may be dead, but he did not die on the night of the first shooting. He was found in the grave. We know that his teeth were double all around, in front as well as on the side; the skull we found was not thus furnished."

"Well, I hope you're right. But about this fellow who wrote that letter?"

"He may have written the letters, but I am pretty well convinced that the real David Woodson is dead and buried. Five different men have been killed since his accident, and the manner in which his skull was mended, and I proved the truth of their statement. As for this man—this captain of outlaws—I do not know what to think. He puzzles me."

"Don't try to think, then. Take it easy, like me. The solution will come soon enough. I only wish I could be as sure about my trouble. Where have I met that little spitfire on the painted mustang? Somewhere, some time, I am almost sure. That face and figure are a combination I could not easily forget. And yet, I can't place her, to save me!"

"Do you know what I have been thinking?" slowly responded Howard. "I believe this is the woman you met that evening at the Gold-faces grow pale as the voice of the Death Shot came from the air, and the black horse did not entirely escape, but her voice was steady and determined."

"There is some trick in this. I am going to solve the mystery. Those who are afraid can wait my return."

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gency, and impressed each detail upon his mind. Rising in his stirrups he cast a quick, sweeping glance around him. A hissing curse passed his lips as he wrenched his animal around and faced the bare trail. His eyes opened wide, and he brushed one hand across them as though to clear his vision.

"Gone! and I could have sworn that some one was dogging me! I saw him plain as day. Has he hidden? I don't see any cover, but it may be."

Overton drew a revolver and assured himself that the cylinder worked freely, and that the caps were well down upon their nipples. Holding the weapon ready for instant use he gave his horse free rein and trotted swiftly along upon his own trail. His eyes opened wide, and he scrutinized every foot of the ground. He rode beyond the spot where he had seen, or fancied he saw, the spy, then rapidly quartered the ground in every direction, though the prairie grass did not seem high enough to cover a dog, much less a man.

"It must have been fancy," Overton muttered at length, drawing rein for a last careful glance around him. "There is no one here. I must have sighted him if he had tried to run away. And yet—I could have sworn that a man was following me, afoot. I don't know what to think of it. Three times, now, have I been tricked in this same way. Is some one dogging me, or can it be that I am haunted?"

As these words dropped from his lips, Overton swept his eyes around swiftly, and a peculiar tremor crept over him. Then, with a forced laugh, he plunged his spurs deep into the flanks of his mustang and dashed away, muttering:

"Man or spook, whichever it is, will need light heels to follow me now!"

For nearly an hour the half-breed kept up this rate of speed, his eyes fixed upon the top of a small knoll, the only rising ground there was for miles around. Dismounting he drew a small powder-flask from his pocket, and pouring a portion of its contents into the palm of his hand he moistened it with spittle, rolling the mixture into a small ball. A covering this with dry powder and placing it all upon the point of his knife, he struck a match and ignited the spit-ball.

Holding the spluttering beacon above his head, he described several fantastic figures in the air with it, then flung the remainder far from him.

With a grunt of satisfaction Colonel Overton squatted upon the ground and lit his pipe for a smoke while awaiting an answer to his signal. He was not kept long in suspense. From the darkness beyond came the sharp, querulous barking of a coyote. Removing his pipe Overton imitated the sound. A minute later a tall, dark figure glided up the knoll and confronted the half-breed. Though the night was dark, the few stars above gave light sufficient for Overton to recognize in the Indian who stood before him the person whom he had signalled.

"You are welcome, chief," the half-breed said, using the Kiowa dialect. "I am glad to see you."

"My brother is late. Whirlwind has been waiting," coldly responded the red-man.

"That was not my fault. A dog was following my trail, and I had to stop him. There is time enough. What I have to say will not take long."

"My ears are opened. Let Turn-over speak."

"Sit down and smoke. We are friends and brothers," said Overton, seating the example.

"Now listen, Turn-over. The Whirlwind is a great chief. When his voice is raised for war, the whole Kiowa nation paint their faces, and his enemies smooth their scalp-locks ready for his knife."

"Turn-over has a long tongue. He can sing as sweet as the mocking-bird. He talks; Whirlwind does."

Overton winced at the rude, insulting tone of the Kiowa. He knew that the chief despised him, for good reasons. There was no love lost between them; but the half-breed's policy was one of conciliation, and he affected to receive the Indian's words as a compliment.

"The chief says well. Turn-over will show him that his arm is as long as his tongue when he wishes to serve a friend. Has Whirlwind found another white squaw to take the place of Gold Hair?"

"No; but the Mexican moon is near."

"There is a young white squaw still nearer. She is nice and fat, and white as the mountain partridge. Will Whirlwind reach forth his hand and take her to his lodge?"

"What bait must be put in Turn-over's hand?" shrewdly responded the chief.

"A scalp; nothing more. Listen. Many years ago a white brave lost his little papoose. I found her. Her father is rich. He gave me some money to restore his child. I told him he should have her. I told him she was far away, and that it would take me two days to bring her to meet him. He promised to bring me more money. You will come, too, with your braves. You will be hidden until the pale-face gives me the money. I will give him his daughter. Then you will come and take your squaw. Does Whirlwind see?"

"Yes. Whirlwind takes the squaw and the money."

"No; the squaw, but the money is mine. You will take the white head captive. You will carry them off and threaten him with the torture-stake. He is very rich, and will give you much money, guns, pistols, knives, horses and anything you ask. When you get these goods, you can let him go free, or else take his scalp, just as you choose."

"Whose is the scalp I am to give Turn-over?"

"You know the man they call the Chaparral Wolf? He will be with me. You must kill him. When I see his scalp, then I will be paid for the white squaw. He will not be thinking of danger. You can easily kill him."

"Turn-over is not a papoose. His hand is heavy enough to kill a wolf," grunted Whirlwind.

"I have my reasons. I give you a big price to take his scalp for me. If you will do it, say so. Grizzly Paw is ready to do the job."

"Grizzly Paw is an old squaw! He would run from a prairie-dog. Whirlwind will kill the wolf."

Franz,

THE FRENCH DETECTIVE;

OR, THE BRIDE OF PARIS.

A Thrilling Story of the Commune.

BY A. P. MORRIS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TRIUMPH OF FRANZ EDOUN.

THE immense and wild concourse of thieves, having overcome and fairly annihilated the desperate crew led by Bramont, now pressed onward to the second scene of conflict, throwing themselves in a solid body before and around the Death-cart from which Xlmo, the Voodoo, was screaming her commands and flourishing her spiked mace.

"Forward!" she ordered, shrilly. "I see there Philip De Vin, who leads a rank of cavalry! Now then, to the cavalry—all!"

With loudly reverberating yells the mob-like mass rushed in, fraternizing with the detectives and throwing themselves, like an avalanche of a thousand furies, upon the entangled cavalry.

There was no longer order in the ranks, but one general hand-to-hand encounter, in which the mounted men were beset by a legion of dancing, darting devils whom they could not reach with their sabers, and who, with daggers, bludgeons and pistols, struck first upon one side and then upon another, regardless of the bones that were cracked between concussioning horses or the broken limbs given by prancing hoofs.

"Oh!" exclaimed one of the luckless cavalry, who was furiously attacked by four of the thieves, while one of the detectives held the bride of the horse. "May Satan get hold of Colonel Philip De Vin, for leading us into this vile snare! I did not come here to be massacred by a devilish rabble!—nor have I yet discovered what it is all about! Let me get out of this quickly!"

And seizing a favorable opportunity, he cut down one of his assailants, at the same time digging spurs into his horse, and the snorting beast leaped clear of its rider's foes, bearing him away.

This flight of horse and rider, which occurred just as De Vin was shot down by Franz Edoun, and the others observing the fall of their leader, produced an immediate panic. Such as were able to extricate themselves gave their horses spur and rein, leaving their less fortunate comrades to a desperate fate.

It was in the moment of the precipitate retreat of the cavalry that the Voodoo drove up and witnessed the fall of Franz Edoun. She leaped from the cart and hastened to his side.

"Franz Edoun! Speak! Are you badly hurt?"

Fortunately for the young man, Philip De Vin's right hand and nerves, unsteadied by the presence of death, rendered his aim a random one, and the murderous pistol-ball had merely grazed the skin of his forehead, victim, momentarily stunning him. Even as Xlmo spoke, Franz was rising slowly to his feet, dazed and bewildered by the concussion.

"Thank Heaven! I believe I am not badly wounded," he said, in reply to the anxious Voodoo.

"What of Osalind? Have you found her?"

"Ay—thank Heaven for that, too! But, had you not come to my assistance, I fear it would have gone hard with me against my two deadly foes. They are now dead and we need fear them no more."

"Curse them!" hissed the Voodoo, glancing at the two corpses on the pave. "I had hoped that mine would be the hand to slay Victor Bramont! Well, let it pass. We will see Osalind."

She rapped smartly on the door with her mace, and Helen Varcla, hearing the voice of Franz Edoun, promptly answered the summons.

"My darling Osalind!—my love!—it is over! And now I must tell you that this lady is your mother. There is a long story, but this is hardly a fitting time for it."

"She knows all," interrupted the actress. "While that terrible struggle progressed without, I have convinced her that in embracing me she is in the arms of the mother who has loved, longed, and sought for her during seventeen years."

"Dear Franz," said the maiden, pillowing her head upon the breast of her love, "I am satisfied that I have found my mother and that I shall love her dearly. With her and with you, my happiness should be complete. But, oh! tell me, my father! Have you seen him? Where is he? Can we not go to him at once?"

A grave silence followed this speech, and all looked at Franz Edoun, over whose face passed a shadow of pain.

"If your mother has told you all, has she not told you that I did not die really your father, and that your father died in England, many years ago?" asked the Voodoo.

"Ah! true; she did. But Dorian Ray was ever a father to me, kind and loving. How can I think of him otherwise? Tell me of him, dear Franz. My very heart is bleeding for him; I dare not imagine what may have been his fate, after he was dragged from me."

"My poor, suffering love," he answered, in a low voice choked with emotion, "let the fact that Dorian Ray was not your true father help you to understand over little in hearing a sad piece of news which I consider it my duty to tell you even now. Can you be brave, my darling?"

"Speak, Franz," and her voice was weak and hushed as she uttered the words.

"While you listen, dear love, I will be brief and spare you all I can. I, far more than you, have cause for deepest sorrow. Dorian Ray, as I have this night learned, was indeed my own father."

"Your father, Franz?"

"Ay. But at that time we will speak at some other time. Dorian Ray was imprisoned in the Conciergerie, by Philip De Vin—that monster in human garb—who used every artifice and threat to persuade his captive and victim into co-operating to make you his bride. Dorian Ray, at last, when De Vin promised to have him shot at sunrise if he persisted in his refusals, professed consent to the arch-villain's plans. De Vin started for your house, to bring you and wed you in the prison cell as the price of the life of the man whom you believed to be your father."

was fired upon and—I must speak it, though it wrings my heart to do so—I held him in my arms when he died. With his last breath he told me that which I have told to you. I have taken pains to have him properly attended."

Osalind was weeping hysterically, and in her extreme grief could find no words for utterance as he finished the sad recital.

At that juncture the attention of all was attracted by an ominous murmuring without.

Thus the foregoing scene was being enacted within the house, there were sudden and significant doings among the vast crowd in the street, not embracing the thieves or detectives, for the thieves, discovering the identity of the men with slouched hats and capes, were rapidly disappearing in the direction of their various lairs and hiding-places, and the dangers of the recent combat being over, scores of people were boldly coming forward, eager to ascertain the cause of the fray. Among these latter were two men who stood apart and conversed earnestly.

There is Pierre Plaque and his outlandish cart!" exclaimed one.

"So it is. And scarce three days ago he hauled away a brother of mine, whom I have not seen since."

I have almost a similar cause to hate the Death-cart driver, who has no doubt, brought about all these dead bodies on the pave. Ha! as I live, there stands that witch, Xlmo, the Voodoo, in yonder doorway! I have a grudge against her for selling poison to my wife, which was intended for my stomach! Let us stab Pierre Plaque and his cart, and riot against this abominable Voodoo! Come!"

Pierre Plaque had remained seated upon his cart as motionless as a carved image. Not a finger or muscle moved. Suddenly he was jerked to the ground by the two men, and these men, Plaque and his cart, were dashed off the driver was dead and stiff. In the very center of his forehead was a hole where a stray bullet had pierced his brain.

Simultaneously with this act, there arose that ominous murmuring which attracted those in the house, for it seemed that others in the crowd had recognized the unpopular Voodoo, and the sound was caused by numerous mutterings against her.

Perceiving the absence of her late allies, the thieves, and realizing instantly the danger to herself and those with her, she cried out, quickly:

"Not a minute longer must we remain here! Come! Into the Death-cart—all! We shall be mobbed and killed directly!"

She sprang through the doorway, circling her spiked mace aloft, and Helen Varcla, though weak from loss of blood, followed bravely with the sword she had recovered from Franz Edoun. The friends of Franz, happening to be near the door, promptly aided the two women, and endeavored further to keep off the tumultuous crowd after the lovers, the Voodoo and the actress were in the cart.

As the horse was whipped up to full speed, and as they dashed off Xlmo glanced back and ground out between her gritting teeth:

"Deserted and beset! Miserable fortune! Those hounds will be after us, presently! But we shall elude them, never fear!"

On they sped. The cart was lightly built and the horse a powerful animal. They were soon beyond sight of the mob, but the Voodoo foresaw that the moment of a rise against her and her witchcraft was now at hand, and this moment she had carefully expected of late, being prepared for it in every way she could, and knew that, having started in this manner, she would be pursued to her den.

"Let them come—the fools! Do they think that I will calmly wait to be torn to pieces by them? I was better, friends, for us to leave Paris. Fortunately, I have provided the means."

As they reached El Bibou a female figure joined them.

"Ah! it is my faithful Annette. Come with us, girl, to the foresight of the Voodoo, far down Rue de Lafayette they could hear the approaching mob, infuriated and bent upon destroying the sorceress of El Bibou. Entering the ponderous gate, which was carefully and strongly locked after this, Xlmo, the way by a narrow path to a shed, in the rear of the building. Beneath this shed was a furnace ready to light, a gasometer, and every known improved appliance for the quick generation of gas."

The Voodoo moved busily about. Soon the furnace glowed, hissing noises were heard, accompanied by a crackling and rustling like the unfolding of silk. Presently something at the far end and exterior of the shed swung into sight and appeared to rise slowly, like a huge mound, growing larger and larger.

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Home Again.

MR. WILLIAM ADAMS, recently returned from a three months' trip in Great Britain and on the Continent, gives us his impressions of sea-life on board the steamship Anchoria:

It was truly a dull and cheerless morning without, which marked the termination of our visit at Creglorne, the view from our bay-window presenting a spectacle we had no desire to contemplate. Portentous clouds distilled showers over the valley, and the dismal-sounding wind whirled eddies of faded yellow leaves against our window-pane, reminding of the "melancholy days." The lark failed to make resonant the air with his morning song from an adjoining tree, and all nature seemed to have assumed a somber and unattractive aspect. Loch Foyle looked dark and gloomy, beneath the dreasted white-caps, the waves chasing each other and breaking upon the shore with unrelenting vigor. But the edict of "Old Probabilities" had been issued; his cabled predictions of the storm had formed the topic of conversation for two days previously; and the morning of our departure marked its advent on the Irish coast. The unpropitious state of the elements could not retard us from turning our face homeward; on the evening before, souvenirs of travel and mementoes from loved friends had been carefully packed; our alpine pole and chaamois-foot cane, hickory stick from the field of Waterloo, with black thorn and olive-wood canes from Ireland and Scotland, were securely strapped together, and everything betokened readiness for our leaving-tack.

A hasty breakfast was soon dispatched, good-by salutations exchanged, *bon voyage* wishes extended, and a few moments later an Irish jaunting car trundled us over the Northland road and the Strand, to the wharf, where a tender was in waiting to convey passengers to the steamer. The storm broke pitilessly over our little skiff as we sailed down the Foyle, environed with exquisite views of tasty villas, well-cultivated farms, and hills crowned with foliage. Reaching the Point, four miles below Londonderry, where a light-house looms up, the machinery of our small steamer is stopped, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Campbell alighting on deck from a row-boat.

A few hours' sail places us alongside of the Anchoria, with anchor apeak in the channel, awaiting the arrival of mail and passengers from Londonderry. In another hour we were steaming out on the Atlantic, guided over the treacherous path by an efficient pilot, threading for miles the beautiful and romantic coast of Ireland, with its towering hills, rock-ribbed cliffs and precipitous promontories, interspersed with ruins and castles of centuries; inspiring the poet thus to sing of its charms:

"And lofty towers and lofty towers
All on this fairy isle are seen;
And waving trees and shady bowers,
With more than mortal verdure green.
And it moves, the western sky
Glows with a thousand varying rays;
And the calm sea tinged with each dye
Seems like a golden flood of blue."

As our ship advanced in the eye of the wind, the storm increased, and at luncheon-hour many of our passengers had assumed a horizontal position in their state-rooms. The sky bounded us on every side, our ship the sole object on a vast basin of water many hundred fathoms in depth, rocking restlessly upon the billows of a boisterous ocean.

During the night the storm retreated from our path, and the morning sun shone from an unclouded sky in all its effulgence and brilliancy. The sea had become subdued, though still agitated from the effects of rough weather, not affecting materially, however, the motion of our staunch craft. Sea-sick passengers of the day previous put in an appearance again on deck; steamer chairs were sought out and unstrapped; sociability increased, and acquaintances with fellow-passengers resumed their places at the table during meal hours; the remainder, for various reasons, preferring to take meals on deck, were occupied with the most varied amusements to be observed on the surface of the ocean; the sails flapped lazily from the yard-arm, and the pervading stillness was only broken by the boatswain's whistle, or sailor's song in the fore-cabin.

A glorious sunset scene was expected, passengers crowding the promenade deck and starboard side of the vessel to witness it. We were not disappointed, beholding the orb of day descending and vanishing beneath the surface of the sea, amidst beauties of ocean and sky that could hardly be surpassed. Then followed things which, to the bosom of the ocean, every color and shade, as the lingering rays leaped to the hovering gossamer clouds.

"The sun went down in beauty, not a cloud darkened its radiance, yet there might be seen a few fantastic vapors scattered o'er the face of the blue heavens; soft and slight as the pure lawn that shields the maiden's breast; Some shone like silver, some did stream afar—Paint and dispersed—like the pale horse's mane."

The scene was both sublime and majestic. Extolling to a friend at our side the beauties of these fantastic-shaped clouds, others resembling birds or towers or billants of the bosom of the ocean. "It is a beautiful sight," was the reply, "but I don't fancy those feathery-shaped clouds—they are sure to predict a storm."

Awaiting on the following morning for a favorable opportunity to spring out of the upper berth we occupied, rather than suffer a possible contusion or fracture, we were reminded of the surmises of our friend. At about midnight the storm had struck our vessel on its fore-quarter, the wind increasing to a gale before morning, causing the ship to plunge and roll in the trough of the sea. At intervals during the night we were driven with such force against the low front board of our berth, that it was a question whether the next lurch of the steamer would not send us tumbling upon the floor. Valises and strapped bundles, boots and umbrellas chased each other across the contracted limits of our state-room, presenting a confused scene to our gaze upon alighting. Then followed the difficulty of dressing; only those who have passed through a similar experience can form any idea of the discomforts and possible mishaps attendant upon such an undertaking. Though it was Sunday morning we were compelled to wear linen of previous day, rather than assume the risk of witnessing the contents of our sachel rolling over the floor. After frequent falls, and involuntarily dancing a jig around the room, we succeeded in making ourselves presentable, though tonsorial duties were omitted, lest more serious consequences should follow.

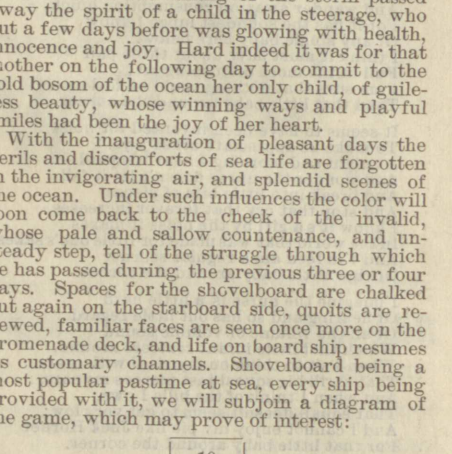
Passing out to the companionway, our body easily follows the tendencies of gravitation, and it is with difficulty we mount the stairs and go to bed. Retaining as nearly as possible a perpendicular attitude, we ascend to the promenade or hurricane-deck, and here behold a scene we had long desired to witness. There is something awfully grand and majestic in a storm at sea; for the time being you seem to lose all sense of the danger and feel so absorbed are you in wonder and admiration. From this elevated position it is a magnificent spectacle to witness our staunch steamer plow into billows of great height, receiving at the same time a shock from a sea on its port quarter-deck, causing her to tremble. Casting our eye from stern to stern, the ship looks like a thing enchanted of life, riding majestically through the foaming ocean. One moment rising gracefully on top of a wave, seemingly to pause and quiver as she looks toward that chasm into which she is to descend, emerging therefrom to clamber the side of another billow. Though vast waves encompass us like walls at times, and our noble ship would tremble as a sea broke over her deck, we were attracted and fascinated by the sublimity of the scene.

Descending into the companionway you pass a group of passengers in various postures, some of whose faces exhibit the early stages of seasickness. Both here and in the music-room, the

floor and settees are occupied by patients, stewards flitting among them with concoctions for their peculiar malady, bearing also plates of gruel, fruit or ship biscuit. Upward of fifty of our fellow-passengers would not dare venture out of their berths, absorbing the constant attention of stewards and stewardesses in supplying their wants. The remainder of our company, so fortunate as to be exempt from seasickness, exercised considerable skill in reaching their seats at the table in the saloon, and in adjusting matters to any degree of comfort and safety.

After a few days head winds retreated, the turbulent sea became quieted again, and with the advent of pleasant and sunny days, sick ones tottered out on deck, only to recline tucked away beneath wraps and robes on steamer chairs. With the lulling of the storm passed away the spirit of a child in the steerage, who but a few days before was glowing with health, innocence and joy. Hard indeed it was for that mother on the following day to commit to the cold bosom of the ocean her only child, of guileless beauty, whose winning ways and playful smiles had been the joy of her heart.

With the inauguration of pleasant days the perils and discomforts of sea life are forgotten in the invigorating air, and splendid scenes of the ocean. Under such influences the color will soon come back to the cheek of the invalid, whose pale and sallow countenance, and unsteady step, tell of the struggle through which he has passed during the previous three or four days. Spaces for the shovelford are chalked out again on the starboard side, quoits are re-nerved, familiar faces are seen once more on the promenade deck, and life on board ship resumes its customary channels. Shovelboard being most popular pastime at sea, every ship being provided with it, we will subjoin a diagram of the game, which may prove of interest:



Two or four persons can participate in this amusement, eight circular pieces of hard wood being used, eighteen inches in circumference. The space assigned for each figure covers dimensions of ten inches wide, by fourteen inches long. Players take position about twenty-five feet from the lower chalk line, propelling the circular pieces of wood by means of a pole seven feet long, at the lower end of which a grooved piece is attached. Each side plays alternately, the blocks of wood being designated either by a cross or circle, to discriminate the players. The object of the game is either to lodge your block on one of the figures of the diagram, or displace your opponent therefrom. Should your adversary lie on the lower square (10 off), your play should be to guard it, thus preventing your opponent from driving it off. Fifty is the usual number of points played in shovelboard, always proving on shipboard an interesting pastime, and sometimes very close and exciting. Ladies can participate in the game as well as gentlemen, making it the more attractive on that account.

Striking the Banks of Newfoundland on the morning of our sixth day out, auspicious weather continued to favor us, with an atmosphere unusually clear for this latitude, and free from fog. Sailing-vessels could be detected from all quarters of the compass, creating excitement among our passengers, and becoming central objects of interest.

"Sparkling at once is every eye,
Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! our joyful cry."

Nearly all of these were engaged in fishing off the Banks, one bark approaching us close enough to exchange salutations, and wishing to give a supply of fish for tea or coffee. Porpoises and other huge fishes are discovered at this point, while flocks of gulls and "Mother Carey's Chickens" follow up and surround our steamer.

Saturday marked the ninth day out from Londonderry, our good ship making fourteen knots an hour, before

"A wind that followed fast,
Filling the white and rustling sail."

Everybody was in the best of spirits; all day long the jolly tars had been up in the masts and suspended from the yard-arms engaged in scraping the tarnished wood, and putting our ship in trim for entrance into port. Crystallized particles of salt covered nearly the entire front of the Anchoria's smoke-stack, caused by the effects of the three days' storm through which it had passed.

Evening came, with another brilliant sunset. Twilight marked the rising of the moon, shimmering rays lighting up the sea with lustrous brilliancy. Couples strolled back and forth on the promenade deck; others bent over the ship's guards admiring the scene displayed in sky and ocean of unsurpassed beauty; while here and there might be detected circles of jolly party on the deck, or seated in steamer chairs, singing familiar ballads, Scotch airs, and jubilee songs.

In the smoking-room, quartettes who have daily participated in whist together during the voyage are engaged in the final series of games; while in the saloon, parties of Continental tourists over a bottle of wine and English supper review incidents of past three months' travel. By order of the captain, the lights of the ship are ordered not to be put out until midnight, at which hour nearly all of the passengers of our vessel had retired to their state-rooms, in dream of the joys of home, and early reunions with loved ones and friends.

Sabbath morning was ushered in bright and beautiful, with a soft and balmy atmosphere, our passengers putting in their appearance an hour earlier than usual, wreathed in smiles of joy and expectancy. Ship suits have been exchanged for broadcloth and silks; glossy ladies take the place of steamer caps; while ladies promenaded the deck for the first time in dresses made at Paris, and fur saques and cloaks, rather than pay custom-house duties on the same, which would otherwise have been exacted. At ten o'clock preparations go forward for morning services in the saloon; stewards flit around distributing Bibles and hymn-books, a pulpit is improvised, and half an hour later the tolling of the bell on the promenade deck calls together worshippers, to listen to a sermon from Rev. Mr. Bennett, of Nashville, founder of the Jubilee Singers.

An hour previous to this, the first sight of land was detected, a dim outline of the Long Island coast, jutting up in the horizon. Soon after the vast machinery of the Anchoria slackened and stopped; pilot boat number twenty-one hove to; its officer springing to our deck, assumed our captain's position, to guide the steamer into port.

The final service of the day was held on the quarter-deck with the steamer at anchor. Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Canada, preaching the sermon, while the musical exercises were led by Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Campbell. It was a novel and pleasing scene, that hour of worship in the open air, on the deck of a steamer but a few hours from port, comprising an audience sprinkled with sailors in their neat blue jackets.

Approaching the lower bay, the blue waters of the ocean are exchanged for those of a greenish tint; passengers detect Long Branch in the distance, and with field-glasses scrutinize Brighton beach and Coney Island. Staten Island is soon passed, its shaded villas, grated walks and terraced grounds never looking so charming. A little before sunset our steamer glided into its slip, and we realized the sweet sense of being home again, sincerely thankful for having been preserved from sickness or accident upon nine thousand miles' travel by land and by sea.

THAT LITTLE BABY AROUND THE CORNER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

I often look at people I meet
At home or abroad, or on a street,
And wonder what the world would be
Were they all little babes on their mother's knee,
Away from this world I'd want to speed
On a bicycle or a speed
On a bicycle or a speed
On a bicycle or a speed

The trouble is I have ears acute
And the air in this neighborhood's just to suit,
And the reason why I am a scouter
Is that little baby around the corner.

That baby I think is not very small
To judge by its voice which envelops it all;
I am sure that baby will never be sick
And wander away on consumption quick,
For it has the soundest lungs I know
Of any single baby here below.

I think I must have about thirty pair
Full of the most disturbing air;
I am sure that nothing could be fornicer
Than that little baby around the corner.

It seems to have been invented for noise
To make us appreciate other joys;
At night and morning I hear it squall
And wonder the nurse doesn't let it fall
And break into little bits of pieces
And stop that cry that forever increases.

I know it's a girl by the noise it makes
In the world that was made for little one's sakes,
And I indeed am a regular scouter
Of that little baby around the corner.

I imagine the nurse is a little hard
Of hearing and so has but little regard
Of all the volume of voluble sound
Which that little infant scatters around.
When I sit to think on my rival with tears
That shrill big squeal just pierces my ears,
And when I think of the bills I owe,
That squall doesn't seem to get very low;
And I cannot enjoy my pie like Jack Horner
For that little baby around the corner.

It may have tender and loving eyes
And cheeks that have the rosiest dyes,
It may have a splendid little snub nose
And the teeniest, weeniest little toes,
But I know it has the widest mouth
That is found in the north or found in the south,
And for light and depth and breadth and length
It beats them all, and also in strength;
Of that voice I would that fate had shorn her—
That little baby around the corner.

It uses so very much air for its squall
That there is none in this section at all,
The atmosphere for days and weeks
She manufactures into shreds,
And all the soothing syrup in town
Would be powerless that tone to drown.

Oh, for a lodge in a cooped-up
Where a little silence would sometimes drop;
For I tell you indeed I am a scouter
Of that little baby around the corner.

Wild Western Tales.

STRAIGHT-EYE JIM DARTON, CUSTER'S DOUBLE. A TRUE INCIDENT.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER.

OVER the great savannas of Northern Dakota, a furious snow-storm was blowing, whirling great eddies of feathery flakes through the air in almost blinding clouds. The air was growing keener each hour of the day, and apparently the winter was setting in in dead earnest. The ground was covered three inches deep with the bed of white, the running creeks of the savannas were filled with slush; even the trees that were scattered here and there were bending under their first wintry burdens. All game of the animal or fowl kind had flown to cover, except the little snow-bird, flocks of which were abroad.

A man crossing one of these far-reaching savannas, mounted upon a jaded horse, this wild dismal day of December, '77, was not favorably impressed with the gloomy aspect of the scene. He was riding in a southerly direction, which, in the course of time, should his horse hold out, would bring him into the Black Hills region.

But he had yet fully a hundred and fifty miles to ride ere he reached that country, and the prospects for his journey were not in the least encouraging. For he had been long enough upon the border to know that the storm, which was coming down so furiously against his right, now, was destined to last until the snow lay a foot or more deep upon the level; for in Dakota they never have storms by halves.

The lone horseman was a scout and Indian-fighter, widely known along the northern frontier as Jim Darton, or Straight-Eye. He had often made himself famous for fighting prowess and scouting ability during Indian campaigns, and was now returning from an expedition into the very northern part of the territory.

Of the snow he had no fear, for he knew that it could not become so deep but what he could get through it with snow-shoes, which he had among his baggage, even if he had to abandon his horse. But, it was a scarcity of food which caused uneasiness to assail him. Previous to the storm he had neglected to supply himself with a sufficient quantity for his journey, calculating to be able to procure fresh game along as he wanted it.

But the sudden outbursting of the storm had effectually scattered and driven off the game beyond his reach, and we find him crossing the plain with winter staring him in the face, and not a day's rations in his haversack.

A glance at Straight-Eye, by a person who had seen the late George A. Custer, previous to his untimely death, could not have failed to discover a great resemblance between the two, for the features, the eyes, the flowing hair and mustache, the erect bearing of the scout, were wonderfully alike to the same characteristics of General Custer.

Had the two men ever met, they could but have been astonished at the wonderful resemblance between them; and people who had known both, got to calling Straight-Eye, "Custer's Double," a name that clung to him, tenaciously.

With anxiety depicted upon his countenance, the scout kept his steed moving along, through the blinding, flurrying storm, as fast as the depth of the snow and nature of the pathless savanna would permit, while he kept his clear, strong eyes busy in watching about him, locating his route, and at the same time looking for game, should any stumble within sight and range.

But the day advanced swiftly, without any such a discovery, and as the night drew on, the gray pallor of the day grew into a darker flush, and the snow came down if anything faster than before.

This was disheartening to Custer's Double, and evidently even more so to his horse, which had traveled since daybreak through the foot-ings of snow, and the heavy grass of the savanna.

But, when night's darkness had finally encompassed the earth, with only a grayish reflection of the snow rising up to guide the lone traveler, his quick eye detected a blacker line ahead through the darkness, and he knew that he was approaching a forest—one of those welcome oases that are dotted down in the monotonous plains, and known as *mottes*.

The discovery was joyful to the scout, for he knew he could soon obtain primitive shelter for himself and horse; and the faithful animal seemed to see the welcome line full as soon as the master, for it accelerated its gait into a sharp trot, and gave vent to a whinny.

Without thought of danger, Straight-Eye rode eagerly forward, and soon was in the dense *motte*, where, of any amount.

Then it was that he recognized his rashness in not observing his customary caution and wariness, when, with fierce yells, a score of Sioux Indians leaped from the undergrowth toward him. But, he did the next best thing in his power—drew a revolver, and shot four of the red fiends

dead, before he was overpowered and made a prisoner by the great superiority of numbers.

He was securely bound, hand and foot, and dragged further into the *motte*, and, to his surprise, into an Indian village of some eighteen or twenty lodges.

Here he expected to receive brutal treatment, if not death, at once, but was happily disappointed, for he was thrust into a strong lodge and left to himself, although he knew that there were one or more guards on the outside.

The best he could make of his situation was to be still, and wait, and reflect. He had no doubts as to these savages being hostile, and if so, he was aware that his chances for life were slim.

But he resolved to let come what might, and watch for a chance to escape.

A man of steel nerve and ignorant of fear, Jim Darton never trembled at danger, nor be-moaned his fate.

Later in the evening a savage came in with blankets and materials for a fire, which he built. He then supplied Straight-Eye with some dried venison, and released his hands long enough for him to eat; then bound them again, and took his departure. For the remainder of the night Straight-Eye was left alone.

The snow continued to fall steadily during the night, although the wind somewhat abated. In the following forenoon Straight-Eye was taken from his lodge, out into the encampment, where several chiefs were sitting about a campfire, grimly smoking their long pipes. They viewed him a few moments in silence, and then waved their hands, and he was taken back and locked in the lodge. At noon a tall, brawny savage entered, and looking straight at the scout said:

"The white dog must die, for the Sioux have killed it so. At sunrise, to-morrow, he die at the stake!"

Then the warrior departed, and Darton was left to meditate upon his unpleasant situation.

He was not visited again until darkness, when his supper and a tin lamp were brought him, and after eating he was left alone.

The night had advanced well toward a crisp, stinging day-dawn, and it was intensely dark out in the *motte*, when an Indian maiden glided into Darton's tent.

A glance showed her to be a maiden of eighteen summers, and the possessor of a beautifully-developed form, while her features and dusky eyes were really handsome.

She came close, and a tin lamp were brought him, and after eating he was left alone.

She was Custer, the brave general of the white army, who rescued Neola, and she thanked him, and told him she loved him, and asked him for some favor that her hands might do. He laughed at the Indian girl, and patted her on the shoulder, and said:

"I don't have many favors I want granted, little girl, for the Lord fills up the gaps. But, there is a man somewhere in the West, who they say is the image of General George Custer, and I have heard that he is even *inch a man*."

His name is Straight-Eye, and he fights Sioux alone. Therefore, if you ever find this man a prisoner among your people, and you want to do me a favor, give him my liberty."

He then gave Neola one of his golden curls, and rode away. Custer is dead, and in her heart Neola mourns for him, and is sad when the snows of winter grow white and cold over his grave. But she remembers his words, and is come to set Straight-Eye free!

The golden-haired "double" of George A. Custer listened, and, strong man though he was, he could not repress the tears that rose into his eyes, as he thought of the noble-hearted general who met death so bravely and fearlessly in that disastrous Indian campaign of the Centennial year.

Without a word more, Neola cut his bonds and motioned him to follow her through a slit she had cut in the back of the lodge. He arose, and did so, using the extreme caution she exercised. They gained the darkness of the wood without being detected by the guards, and soon came upon the banks of a little stream, where a canoe was beached. In it, Straight-Eye saw at a glance, were warm furs, and also provisions.

Custer's Double will go in that, the Indian girl said, pointing to the canoe. "It will take him to the white settlement, ten miles below!"

Then she turned, and was gone, ere the scout could express his thanks.

Thus it was that Custer's Double made his escape, and reached the settlement in safety.

And poor Custer—who can ever forget the noble hero of the Rosebud?

FIRST lady—"Why do they call those balls foul?" Second lady—"Don't know, unless because the pesky things are continually flying over the fence."

"HEAT as a Mode of Motion," heads a newspaper article. "Philosophy" it may be so; but practically it is provocative of the profoundest indolence.

OUR BEAUTIFUL DEAD.

BY ANNIE WILTON.

We lay them away—our beautiful dead,
Then take up life's duties again,
But God only knows how sadly the head
Aches, and the heart trembles with pain.
We smile, and endeavor to hide all our tears;
We crush down the torturing within;
Philosophy teaches and has taught for years
That to grieve for the lost is a sin!

'Tis easy to soften the adamant stone—
To battle with danger and death—
Beside the heart's effort to yield up its own,
And watch by their fast-falling breath,
Oh, say not 'tis easy to bid that heart sing,
When the notes are all strung to a moan;
Gee! bid the trump echo the battle-cry's ring
When the soldiers are nerveless as stone!

'Tis sacrilege thus to baffle the heart's grief—
To wear a world mask when we feel
That tears are the portion to give us relief,
Not the cold, glistening armor of steel.
Ah, he who lives thus, sweet Heaven, oh, why,
Why tighten the strain on his heart,
Which is ready to break and its music to die;
Till the chords are all riven apart?

Thou art whispering now: "Like Me, ye may weep."
By Lazarus's grave. Call aloud!
Till your palsied trust kindles: then wake out of sleep,
Then march to your place in the crowd."
We lay them away—our beautiful dead;
Then take up our duties again,
But Jesus knows well how sadly the head
Aches, and the heart throbs with pain.

Wrecked.

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

"JESSICA!"
The girl addressed scarcely turned her face from the deep-mullioned window where she stood looking out upon the tangled park; nor, in words, deigned to recognize the speaker. Only a slight movement of the slender figure, and an impatient uprising of the graceful

shoulders about which a blood-red silken scarf was twisted, betokened that she heard and intimated an insolent:

"Well!" repeated the vibrant, deep-toned voice, so sternly, so slowly, so horribly passionate, that Jessica Garside dared not disdain to notice it longer.

She came lazily forward into the room—a great, lofty apartment full of shadowy nooks and desolate, decaying grandeur, whose gloom she irradiated with the brilliancy of her piled-up yellow hair, her blooming face, her curling vivid lips, her witching, wine-brown eyes shaded by black fringes and arched by deep brows, and her blood-red bit of fiery twisted and knotted about her and tangled among her dainty idle fingers.

"Well! What will you have of me?" she questioned, petulantly, of the speaker, but without raising her conscious eyes from the silken fringes she was letting slip through her milk-white hands like blood pouring from an ivory chalice.

"Look at me, Jessica!" demanded her visitor. "I shall know if it be true when I see your eyes."

And then Jessica knew for a certainty that Eban Dorchester had heard of her betrothal to La Forest. But she raised her face defiantly toward the tall, dark, grave man, who confronted her with a deadly pallor spreading under his tawny skin and fiery glances burning down upon her, and asked, coldly:

"What is it concerning which you desire to hear the truth?"

The mocking eyes, the cold voice, the repellent, emotional face, had answered him.

"Nothing," he muttered, so hoarsely, so fiercely, so bitterly, that the girl shrunk back with a little gesture of alarm. And then the idolatrous love which Eban Dorchester felt for this fair woman suddenly revived, with throes of exquisite torture, from the death-blow the revelation of her perjury had seemed to deal it, and his momentarily benumbed physical senses returned. He threw open his strong arms and caught the girl in a mad embrace.

"Afraid that I should live to see my little love shrink from me in fear?" Then, as his prisoner struggled to free herself, he bound her closer to his breast, crying, "It was your fault, Jessica! I thought you meant to marry La Forest! But I am mistaken! I am mistaken! Tell me that I am mistaken, love!"

"I am to marry Mr. La Forest—I have told him that I would—so let me go!" exclaimed Jessica, ceasing to struggle against the iron fetters of his powerful arms.

"Let you go? Never! Do you think I will let him have you? Can I lose you? No! No! No! Oh, God, no! Jessica, you will drive me mad! You do mean it! You have promised yourself to me! You are my heavenly treasure! I adore you enough! You could not be unhappy with me, dear love!" he pleaded, desperately, interspersing his incoherent sentences with savage kisses. And it seemed that any woman beloved of this man must have melted into pitiful, passionate love under the torrid breath of such awful, utter devotion. But Jessica Garside answered, carelessly:

"Be happy, shut up with you in your miserable Hermitage, worse than this horrible old mansion, where I can have riches and station, and the gay world? Oh, indeed I cannot! My fortune has come to me, and I gladly accept it. I shall never come back here, either. There! I am afraid of you!"

And well she might have been of the desperate man who had held her in savage bondage, and poured upon her pearly face such mad caresses; but now he had released her, holding the slight, graceful form at arm's length, and addressed her in a monotonous whisper:

"Jessica, did you never love me, when you used to run and nestle into my arms, and stroke my face with those sweet hands, and picture the life we would have at the old Hermitage together?"

"I don't know," said Jessica, slowly, without looking into the strangely gleaming eyes and ghastly face above her. "I thought there was nothing for me to do but marry you when the time came for Dolores and I to be turned out of this old house; and so I tried to make the best of it. But, once for all, I'm sure that I do not love you now that I can be Mrs. La Forest."

And so Eban Dorchester, who in his solitary, studious life had never known an intense joy nor sorrow, love nor hate, until Jessica Garside, drifting across his path, learned that the one sublime glory of his existence, the one awful emotion of his soul was but an illusion woven by the deceitful eyes and fickle lips of a selfish, soulless girl. His vibrant voice rose again into a savage bass, his ghastly face was distorted with the agony of his passion's death-struggle, his woeful eyes gleamed desperately. With one strong hand he drew her love again to his breast. The other closed about the girl's white neck. Jessica looked up in deadly terror, but the shriek in which it would have vented itself died stifled in her throat.

"You never loved me, girl! I was your dupe, your fool, just because I was your necessity! But I loved you—I love you still. That yellow hair that has tangled itself in my beard! Those eyes that have smiled into mine! Those red lips that have drained at my heart! And I will not see you lift those lips, with their accursed witchery, to another man's mouth. Dead, you will be mine! Dead, these arms may claim you while one particle, as this delicate form is still in existence! And so you shall die!"

He stooped to kiss her first, to snatch one more taste from those glowing lips, before the strong hand crushed out all life from the horrified, piteous eyes.

But, Dolores entered. With one quick, commanding word the pale woman rescued Jessica from her lover's mad clasp.

"Stop!" And Dorchester's hands dropped at the mandate, and he stood there, his face as white as the shroud, the sublime entreaty and agony of her haunting eyes. She pushed Jessica from them both.

"Go! I do not wonder that he hates you! I hate you, too! Go to La Forest and be happy, if you can! You have known all the time that you were breaking this man's heart, that you were breaking mine as well. That I would have died to have won from him the smallest of love's favors, while you—with your false lips was enkindling in his soul a flame that could but consume it. I know that his heart and soul are dead, that he will never love me, but all the same I could not let him kill you. Go!"

And that night, since the year was almost ended, during which the heart of this old estate would allow Jessica and Dolores Garside to remain under the sheltering roof where their uncle had brought them last, and where he had died, Jessica went with La Forest to the chaperone of his stately, wealthy mother.

Is this true, Dolores? asked Eban Dorchester, as Jessica sped from the gloomy room.

"True." And I have no heart to give you, and my life is not worth your taking.

She silenced him with a gesture of her hand, that said as plainly as his lips could have done—that she knew that love was burned out of his heart forever, and she could take nothing less.

"And what shall you do?"

"Go to town and connect myself with some sisterhood. And you?"

"I go straight to a doom that that girl has unfolded for me. Up to this in my life I have been master of a deadly inherited appetite. I feel now that it is master of me. I shall dwell in the opium-eater's paradise and die the opium-eater's wretched death."

"Oh, my God! If I could save you!" Dolores cried, in agony.

"Ah, if you but could! It is a hopeless thought! Farewell, Dolores! After all, I am glad you did not let me kill her!"

Dorchester strode away, and behind him Dolores Garside lay faint upon the spot where he had stood while her sister had killed his soul.

"Go to see Eban Dorchester die! Receive his forgiveness! How horrible! Rather he should ask for mine! No; I will not go!"

And yet she went. Some irresistible influence compelled Jessica La Forest to obey the summons of an unsigned note that had commanded her to repair to The Hermitage, immediately. She called her carriage, and ordered the driver to take her out to the countryside that she had never visited in the seven years since she had left it; and at the appointed hour found herself at the door of Dorchester's apartment. At the sound of her light knock, a tall, pale, stern-eyed woman, in the garb of a sacred order, appeared and silently led the way to the curtained couch where a man with livid, sunken cheeks, hollow, closed eyes, matted, unkempt hair and beard straggling darkly against the awful ashiness of his emaciated face, a repulsive wreck of humanity from which Mrs. La Forest started back in affright, lay dying.

"See!" said Dolores, sternly; "this is your work!"

Jessica shuddered, and drew further back.

"Is he dead?" she whispered.

"No! I am afraid he is too far gone to recognize you."

"No! No!" said a sepulchral voice from the bed. "I can come back from hell long enough

for that! Yes, hell, girl! Come here and see it! See those flames! You kindled them! I am always seeing your face there, all alight with a lurid glare! Ah, you shudder! That pleases me! Come here, fiend! Come nearer, I say! I can feel the fires withering my flesh and licking at my breath, and you shall not them, too! Ah! There is your face in them, again! Don't you see it yourself?"

He sunk back exhausted, and Jessica fell into a chair paralyzed with horror. But, presently, he spoke again, and the last effort of his departing mind was a rational one.

"Jessica! Jessica! Has she gone, Dolores?" "No, she is here!"

"Then tell her that her husband is dead—that I knew it in time to inherit his property—that having no children I am his next of kin—and that I have left it all to your order, Dolores. Where is she? I want to see how she takes this news—husband and property both gone."

But before his glaring eyes could look upon Jessica's affrighted face, he fell suddenly back dead.

"Is it so, Dolores?" questioned Jessica, keeping her bloodless face averted from the horrible spectacle upon the bed.

"Yes; his lawyers telegraphed the news this morning, and will be awaiting you at home to break it to you, gently. Go, now, to your frivolous sorrow and your just punishment."

And as Jessica left The Hermitage, Dolores softly laid her cold white face upon the dead one that in its utmost repugnance had been dear to her, and was thankful that the wrecked life had drifted into anchorage at last.

How the Colonel Won the Race.

"It's all very well for you Britishers to come out yere to California and go ass'n' about the country tryin' to strike the trail o' the mines you've salted down yer loose capital in," said Colonel Jackhook, a well-known character of the California town of Left Bower, setting his empty glass on the counter and wiping his lips with a coat-sleeve; "but w'en it comes to hoss-racin', w'y I've got a cayuse ken lay over all the thur-breds yer little mantle-ornymint of a island ever panned out—yer bet yer britches I have!"

Talk about yer Durbin winners—w'y this plain little beast o' mine 'll take the bit in her teeth and show 'em the way to the horizon like she was takin' her mornin' stroll and they was tryin' to keep an eye on her to see she didn't do herself an injury—that's what she would! And she hain't never run a race with anythin' sneyer'n an Injun in all her life; she's a green amateur—she is!"

"Oh, very well," said the Englishman, with a quiet smile; "it is easy enough to settle the matter. My animal is in tolerably good condition, and if yours is in town we can have the race to-morrow for any stake you like, up to a hundred ounces."

"That's jest the figger," said the colonel; "dot it down, he don't, but it's the sharpest in the innocents," he added, half-remorsefully, as he turned to leave; "it's bettin' on a dead sure thing—that's what it is! If my cayuse knew w'at I was about she'd go and break a leg to make the race even."

So it was arranged that the race was to come off at three o'clock the next day, on the alkali plain, some distance from town. As soon as the news got abroad the whole population of Left Bower and vicinity knocked off work and assembled in the various bars to discuss it. The Englishman and his horse were general favorites, and aside from the unpopularity of the Colonel, nobody had ever seen his "cayuse."

Still the element of patriotism came in, making the betting nearly even. As the race-course was marked off on the plain, and at the appointed hour every one was on the spot except the Colonel. It was arranged that each man should ride his own horse, and the Englishman, who had acquired something of the free-and-easy behavior of the Californians, was already atop of his magnificent animal, with one leg thrown carelessly across the pommel of his Mexican saddle, and as he puffed his cigar with calm confidence in the result of the race, the natives, too, who possessed the secret sympathy of all, even of those who had felt it their duty to be against him. The judge, with watch in hand, was growing impatient, when the Colonel put in an appearance a mile away, and bore down upon the crowd. Every one was eager to inspect his mount; and such a mount as it proved to be was never before seen even in Left Bower!

You have seen perfect skeletons of horses often enough, no doubt, but this animal was even a perfect skeleton; there were bones missing here and there which you would not have believed the beast could have spared. Little, the Colonel had called her. She was not an inch less than eighty years of age, and long of all reasonable proportion. She was so hollow in the back that she seemed to have been bent in a machine. She had neither tail nor mane, and her neck, as long as a man, stuck straight up into the air, supporting a head without ears. Her eyes had an expression in them of downright insanity, and the muscles of her face were afflicted with periodical convulsions that drew back the corners of the mouth and wrinkled the upper lip so as to produce a dismal grin every two or three seconds. In color she was red, with great blotches of white, as if she had been pelted with small bags of flour. The crookedness of her legs was beyond all comparison, and as for her gait, it was that of a blind man crossing diagonally over immovable deep ditches. As this outrageous libel on all horses shambled up to the starting-post there was a general shout; the sympathies of the crowd changed in the twinkling of an eye! Every one wanted to bet on her, and the Englishman himself was only restrained from doing so by a sense of honor.

It was growing late, however, and the judge insisted on starting them. They got off very well together, and seeing the mare was unconsciously slow the Englishman soon pulled his animal in and permitted the ugly thing to pass. Every one had a back view of her. That sealed her fate. The course had been marked off in a circle of two miles in circumference and some twenty feet wide, the limits plainly defined by little furrows. Before the animal had gone a half-mile she had been permitted to settle down into a comfortable walk, in which they continued three-fourths of the way round the ring. Then the Englishman thought it time to whip up and canter in.

But he didn't do it. As he came up alongside the California Lightning Express, as the crowd had begun to call her, that creature turned her head diagonally backward and let fall a smile. The encroaching beast stopped as if he had been shot! His rider plied whip and forced him again forward upon the track of the runaway hag, but with the same result. The Englishman was now thoroughly alarmed. He struggled manfully with rein and whip and shout, amidst the tremendous cheering and inextinguishable laughter of the crowd, to force his animal past, now on this side, now on that, but it would not do. Prompted by the fiend in the concavity of her back, the preposterous quadruped dropped her grins right and left with such seasonable accuracy that again and again the competing beast was struck—that is, a heap—just at the moment of seeming success. And, finally, when, by a tremendous spurt, his rider endeavored to thrust him by, within half a dozen lengths of the winning post, the incarnate nightmare turned squarely about, and fixed upon him a portentous stare—delivering at the same time, a grimace of such prodigious ghastliness that the poor thoroughbred, with an almost human scream of terror, wheeled about, and tore away to the rear with the speed of the wind, leaving the colonel's easy winner in fifteen minutes and ten seconds.

A BRAINY Florida grocer has discovered a new way to keep thieves out of his cellar. There is a rattlesnake in this cellar," is placarded above the door.